

1445 The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

MAY

BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS!

Paulette
Goddard

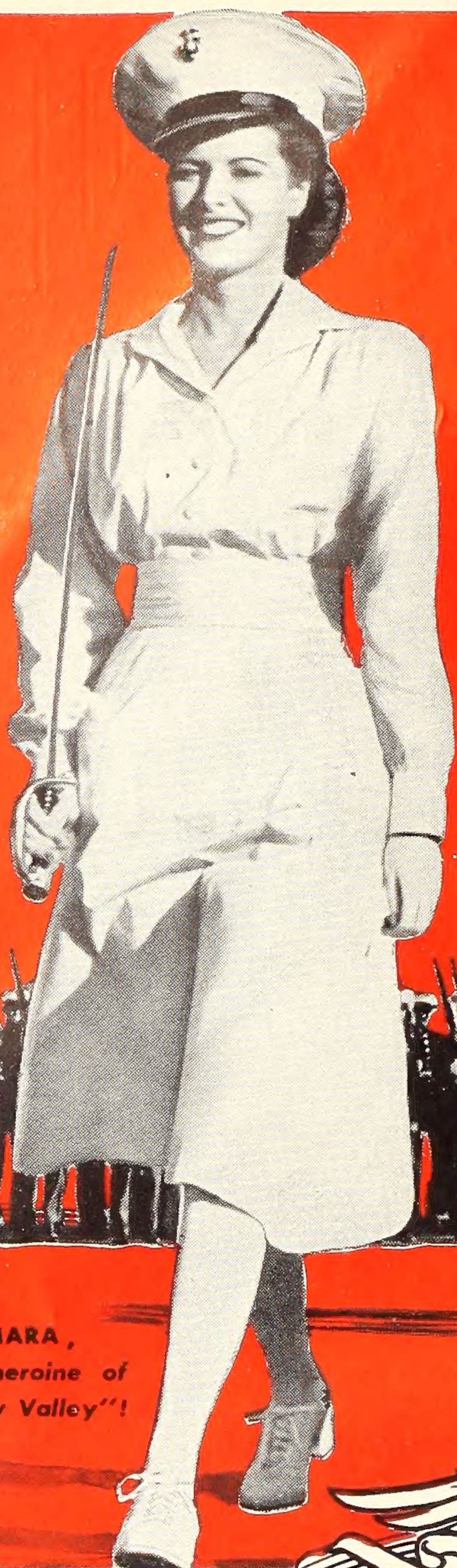
10¢

GIRLS!
Keep Your
FIGURES
Fit For
Defense
Work!
Try
BROWN
DERBY
DIET
this issue

WAR TIME EXPERIENCES of LIEUT. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
Should A Woman Pay The Check? See What Glamor Girls Say!
ROMANCE! "HIGHLY IRREGULAR" NOVELETTE FROM FILM STARRING
JOAN BENNETT, FRANCHOT TONE

★ ★ ★ *Meet*
LIEUTENANT
MARY CARTER
of the U. S. Marines!

She's off with the fighting
 leathernecks on their most
 thrilling adventures in 166
 years of glorious history!



MAUREEN O'HARA,
 the breathtaking heroine of
 "How Green Was My Valley"!



Romance is all the sweeter
 ... when life is dangerous!

Watch for it at
 your favorite theatre
COMING SOON

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUS HIT
 IN **TECHNICOLOR!**

JOHN
PAYNE • O'HARA • RANDOLPH
 starring
SCOTT

with
NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLUM
 Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
 Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling
 Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher
 A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



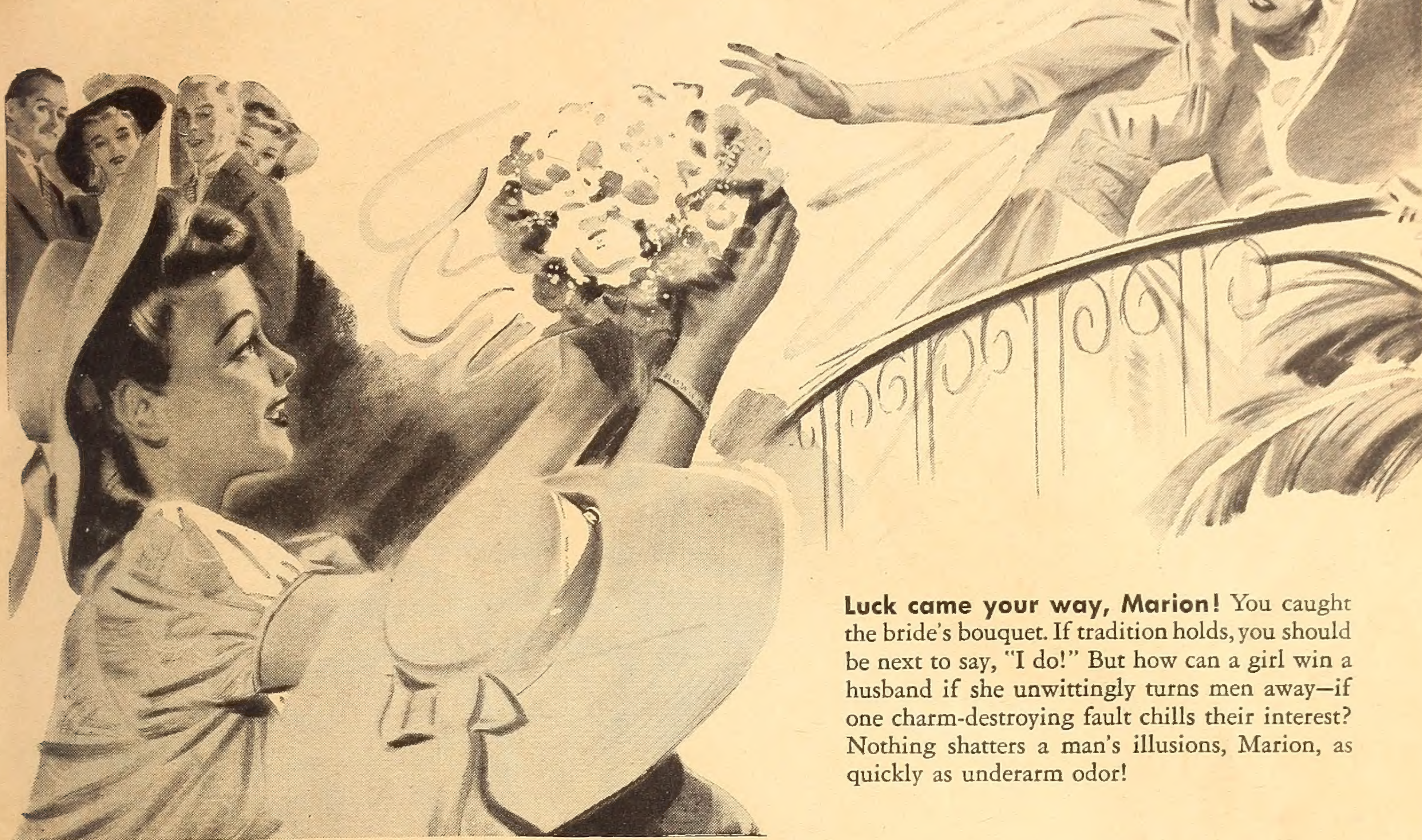
Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!
TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE
 in **"THIS ABOVE ALL"**
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**

PN 1993
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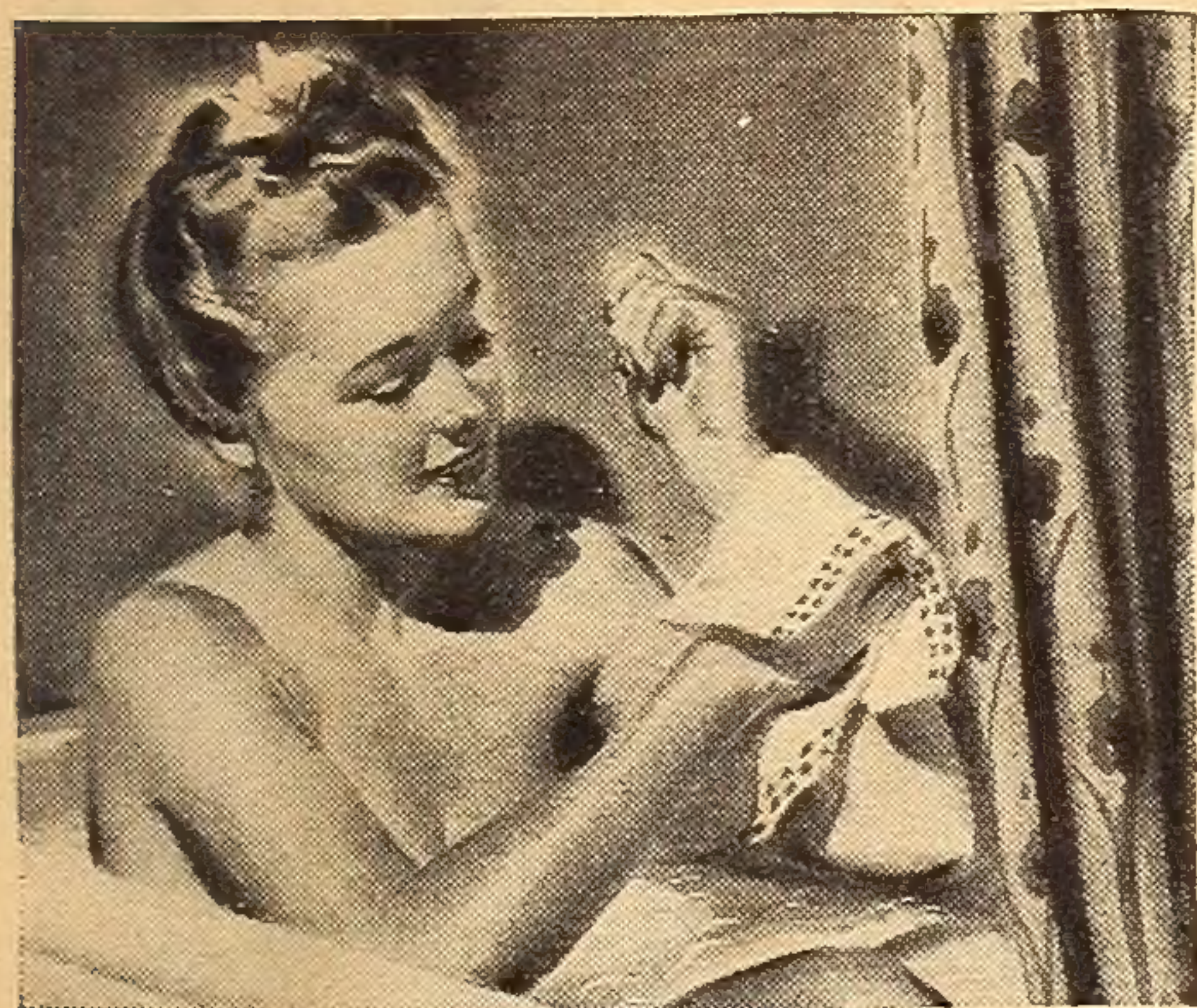
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Good Catch, Marion— but can you Catch a Man?

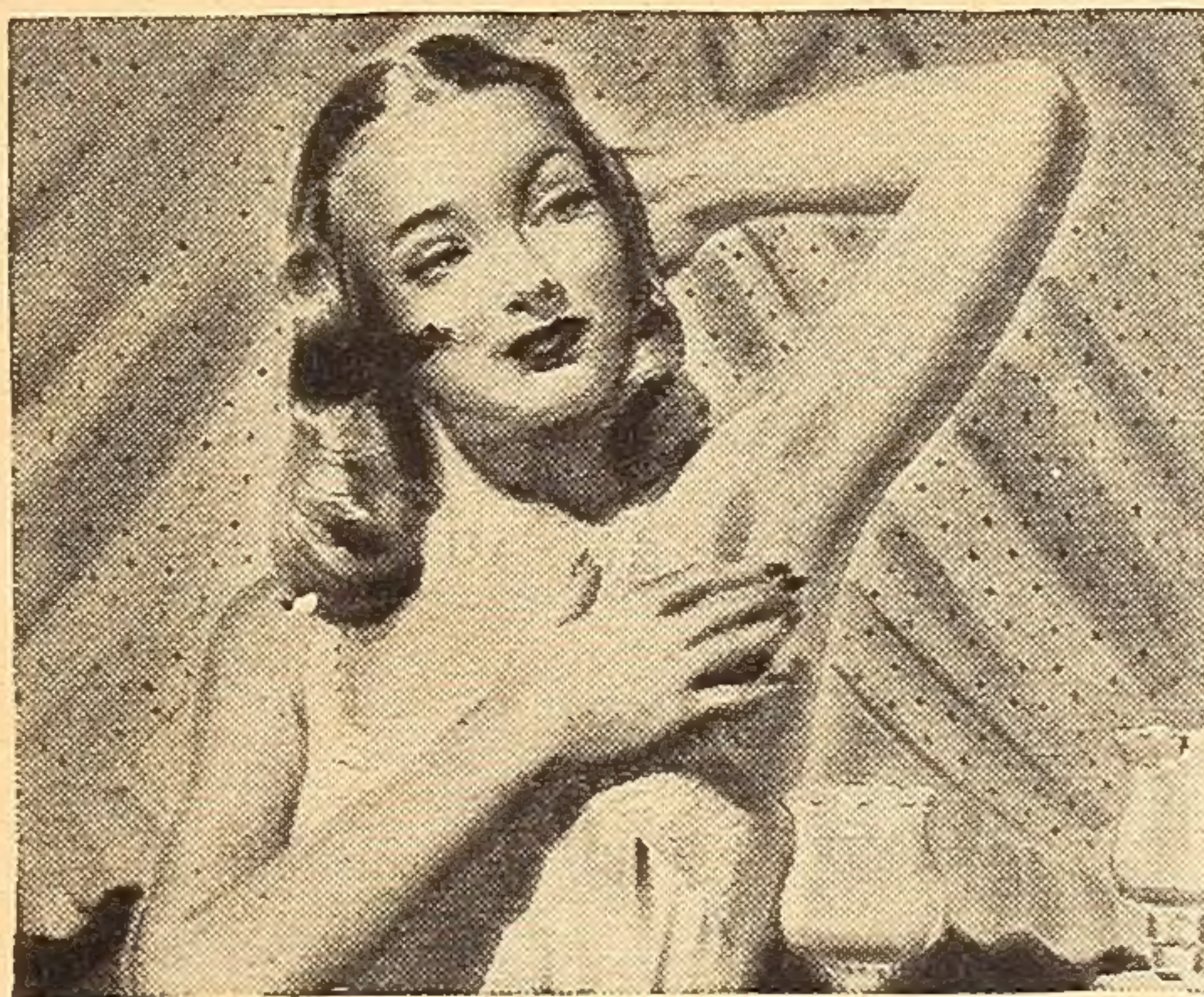


Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

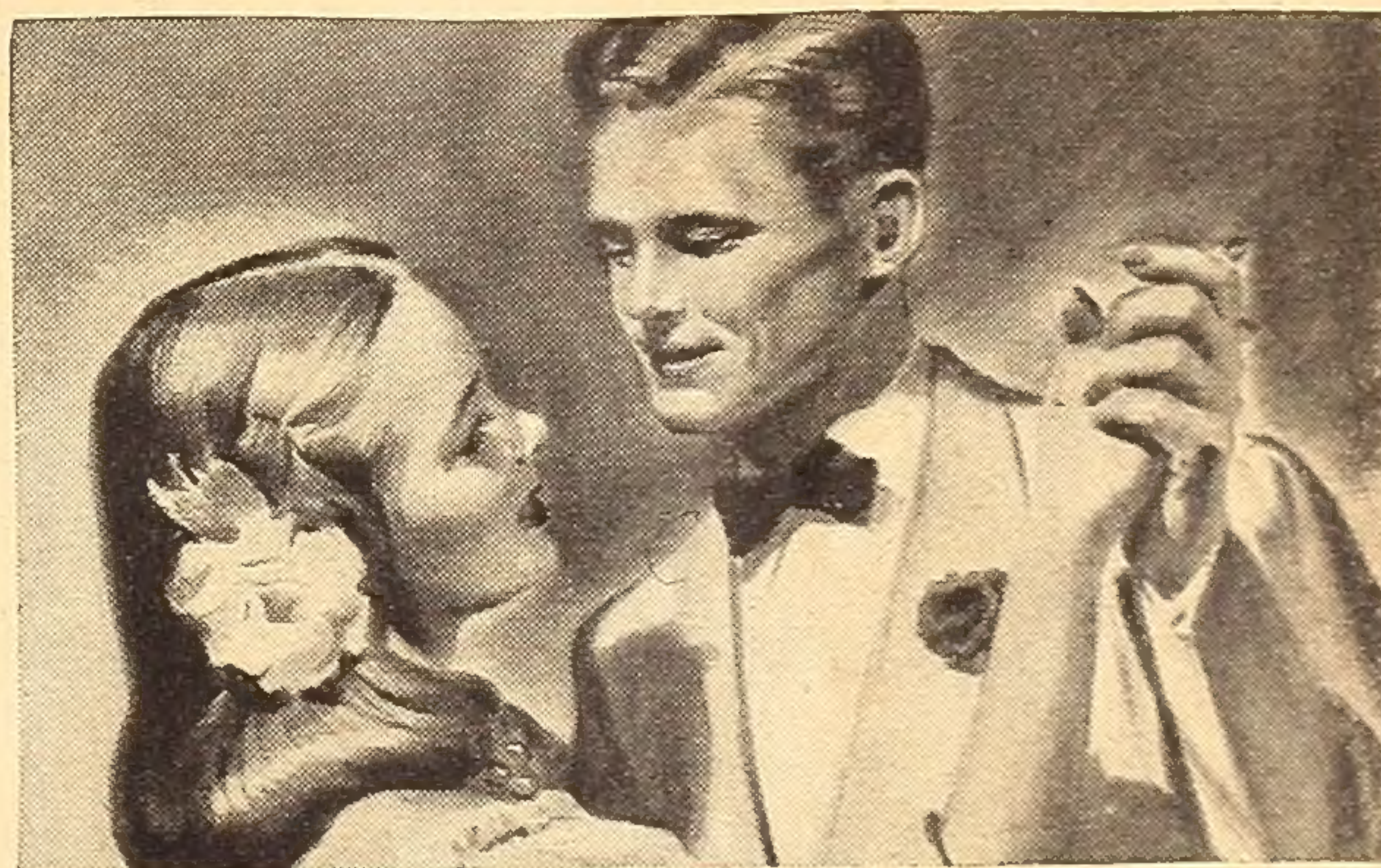
Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!



Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something *more to prevent risk of underarm odor!*



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can *trust* Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your drug-gist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Nothing neater! Nothing sweeter!
Nothing ever approached it for
laughs and lassies, songs and sen-
oritas! The world's funniest two-
some rollicking down to Rio in
some rolicking down to Rio in

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screenful of
spectacular showmanship! . . . with

KATHRYN GRAYSON
JOHN CARROLL

PATRICIA DANE **TOM CONWAY** **PETER WHITNEY**

EROS VOLUSIA

Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON
Produced by
PANDRO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by Richard Connell
and Gladys Lehman
Special Material by John Grant

Six Song Hits

Rio Rita • The Ranger Song
Long Before You Came Along
The Shadow Song
Samba Dances by
the South American Whirlwind
Eros Volusia

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

May, 1942

Vol. XLV, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of PAULETTE GODDARD, Paramount

V. G. Helmbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daffy-downdilly.

"I Married An Angel" and "Rio Rita".



In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives wings and all.

The entertainment is down-to-earth.



Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.

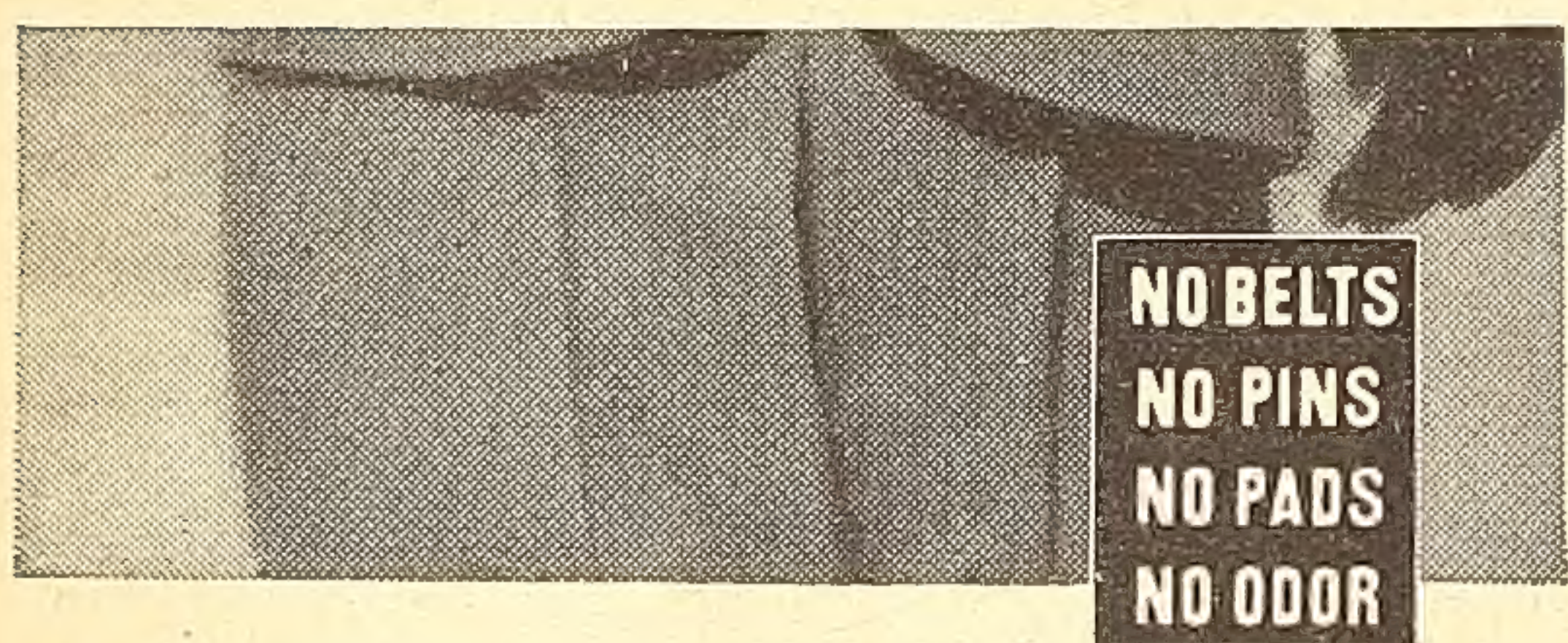


So let's
go rolling
down to
"Rio Rita".

—Leo (Rita)



★
HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED
WITH **TAMPAX** ★



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampered by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot *feel* Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can *see* it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

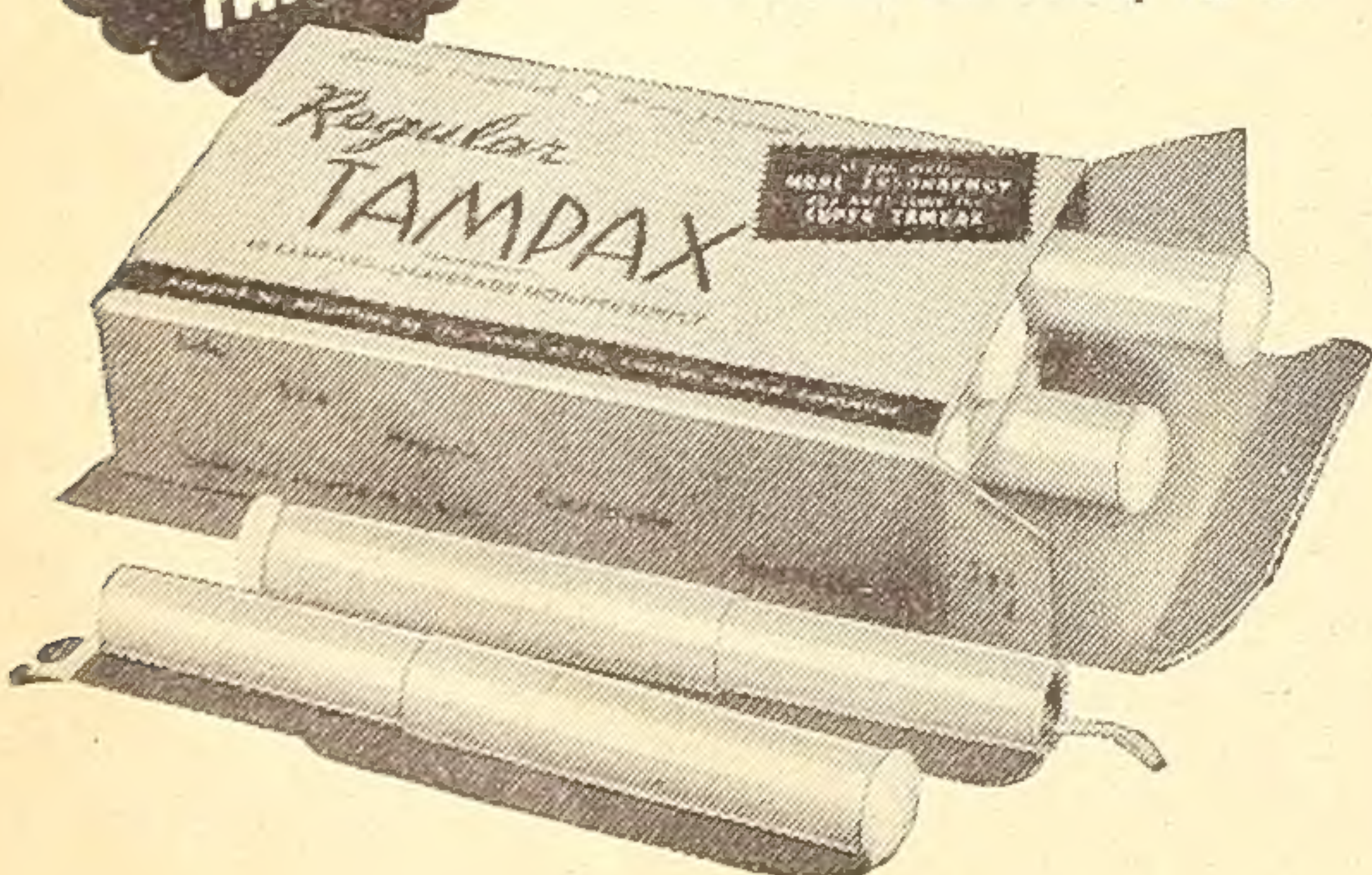
A doctor has perfected Tampax neatly and ingeniously for *internal use*. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together . . . Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent . . . Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three sizes*: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

**TRY
IMPROVED
SUPER
TAMPAX**

Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.



HOLLYWOOD husbands are up in arms! And George Montgomery is the cause of it all. Every time a lady lifts a limpid hand to take a cigarette, George all but pole-vaults across the room with a lighted match. George never fails to stand when a lady enters the room. And he's always shutting windows to keep them out of drafts. Of course the ladies love it. Husbands who have grown a little careless look like they'd like to tell George where to go. And they *don't* mean his native Montana! Nice guy Georgie seems oblivious to it all.

WHEN they wheeled Mrs. Mickey Rooney in for her emergency appendectomy, her famous husband looked like anything but young, irresponsible *Andy Hardy*. He conferred with doctors, questioned nurses. He even wanted to stay in the operating room, the way all husbands do in the movies. Mickey wouldn't take a cat-nap until it was all over and the missus was back in her room again.

IN "Yankee Doodle Dandy" watch for that scene where Jeanne Cagney, as *Josie Cohan*, tells Jimmy Cagney (her brother on and off) that she is going to get married. So devoted are Jimmy and Jeanne, the scene became alive to them. Its realism grew until they started to cry every time they read their lines. Finally, Mike Curtiz called lunch and gave them time out to regain their self-composure.

WONDER if there is any Hope for Bob's wife? Poor Mrs. Hope never gets to see her famous husband. The comedian does so many benefits, works all the time, gives interviews, etc., there just aren't enough hours in the day. Recently, believe it or not, Bob made a date with his *wife* to meet her at a *midnight* newsreel theater! At eleven o'clock he called up and said he was "getting the evening off." So he'd be right home. Bob walked in carrying an old-fashioned paper bag. It contained a quart of ice-cream. He got in bed while Mrs. Hope dished it up. Then they talked until dawn.

WE SAW it with our own eyes! For a scene with Norma Shearer in "Her Cardboard Lover," Bob Taylor wears a dainty pair of ladies' silk pajamas. They have puffed sleeves, a bow in back, and feathered mules complete this confusing picture. What, no girdle?

SHE'S "My Gal Sal" in the movies. But, 'tis said, Victor Mature would like to have Rita Hayworth for his re-eally real gal off the screen. According to witnesses (and you know Vic doesn't exactly whisper) he thinks Rita has plenty of everything. He's been separated from his wife for more than a month. Rita's just filed suit against Eddie Judson. One and one make two—especially when what-a-man Mature starts moving. Wanna bet?



Carolyn Lee, who is in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," decided to pose for some leg photos in order to grab space away from older girls like Barbara Britton, seen in "Out of the Frying Pan." Like the little imp's idea of "cheesecake" art?

Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin ?

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty treatment is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

YES, pretty compliments can come your way. Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic. For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you.

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet without delay!"

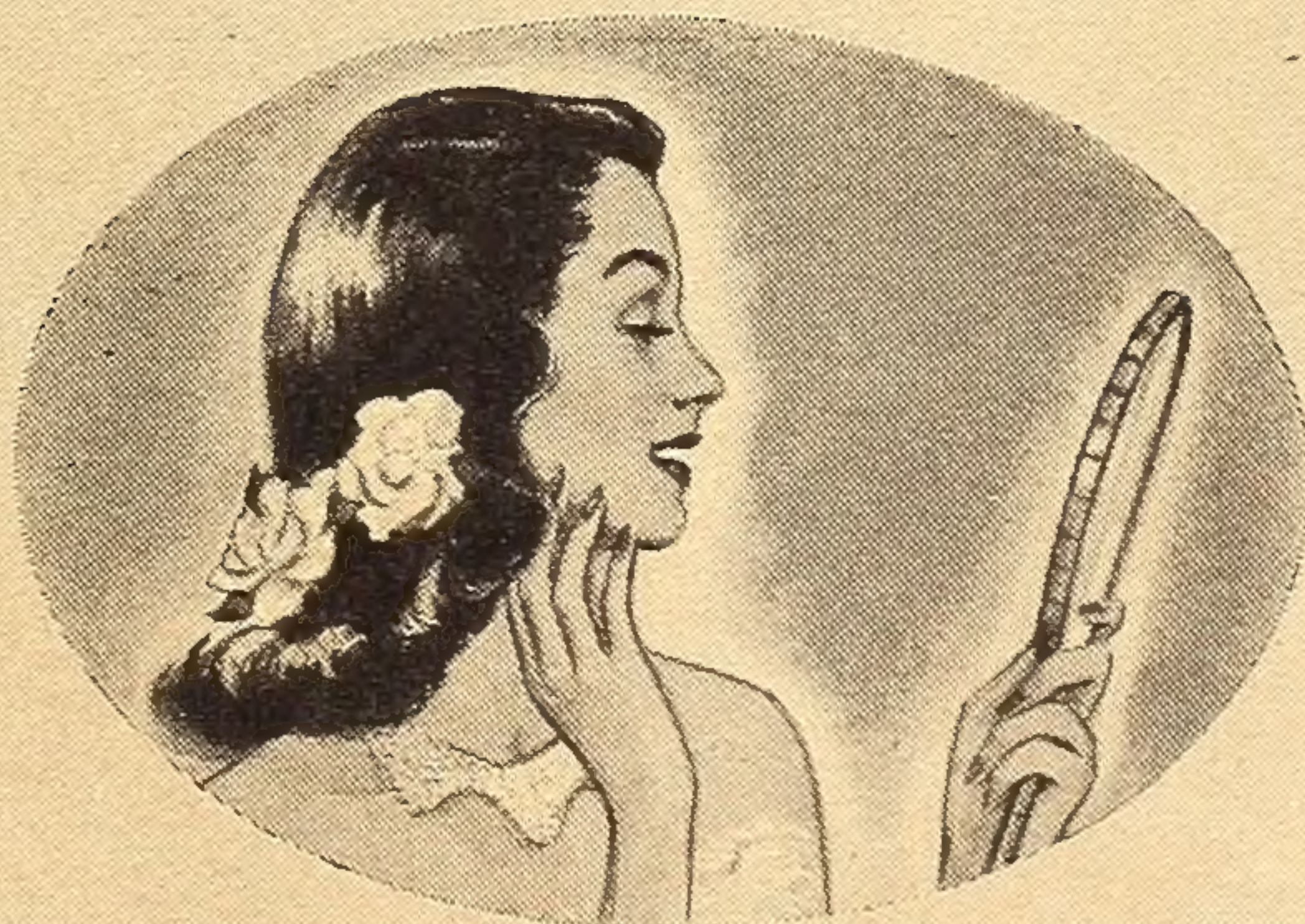
Tonight—and every night and morning for 30 days—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how much fresher it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day—for 30 days. For it's regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., of New York, N. Y., who says: "The Camay Mild-Soap Diet has meant so much to the loveliness of my skin—I'm going to stay on it forever!"



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Halo Shampoo Rids Hair of Dull Soap-film ... Reveals Luster

WANT your hair to have that gleaming, burnished, radiant look men always admire? Then throw away your old-fashioned soapy shampoo! Try that amazing discovery for hair beauty ... Halo.

All soaps—even the finest—leave a dulling soap-film on hair. A film like the soapy scum that collects in your wash-bowl. But Halo contains no soap, leaves not the slightest trace of soap-film.

Made with a patented new-type ingredient, Halo lathers freely, even in hardest water. Removes loose dandruff the first time! Rinses so perfectly you don't need lemon or vinegar.

Hair is easy to manage, too, after a shampoo with Halo. Easy to curl! Radiant with "life" and gloss, bright with natural color.

Get Halo Shampoo today at any toilet goods counter. 10c and larger sizes.

A Product of
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet



REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, \$7.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject. Patriotic, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.

TODAY'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN

EXPERT BOOKKEEPING

Never, except during the first World War, has there been such opportunity for women in bookkeeping. New plants, expanded factories, arsenals, ship yards—new regulatory and taxing laws—all calling for accountants, cost and statistical clerks, bookkeepers, record keepers, etc.

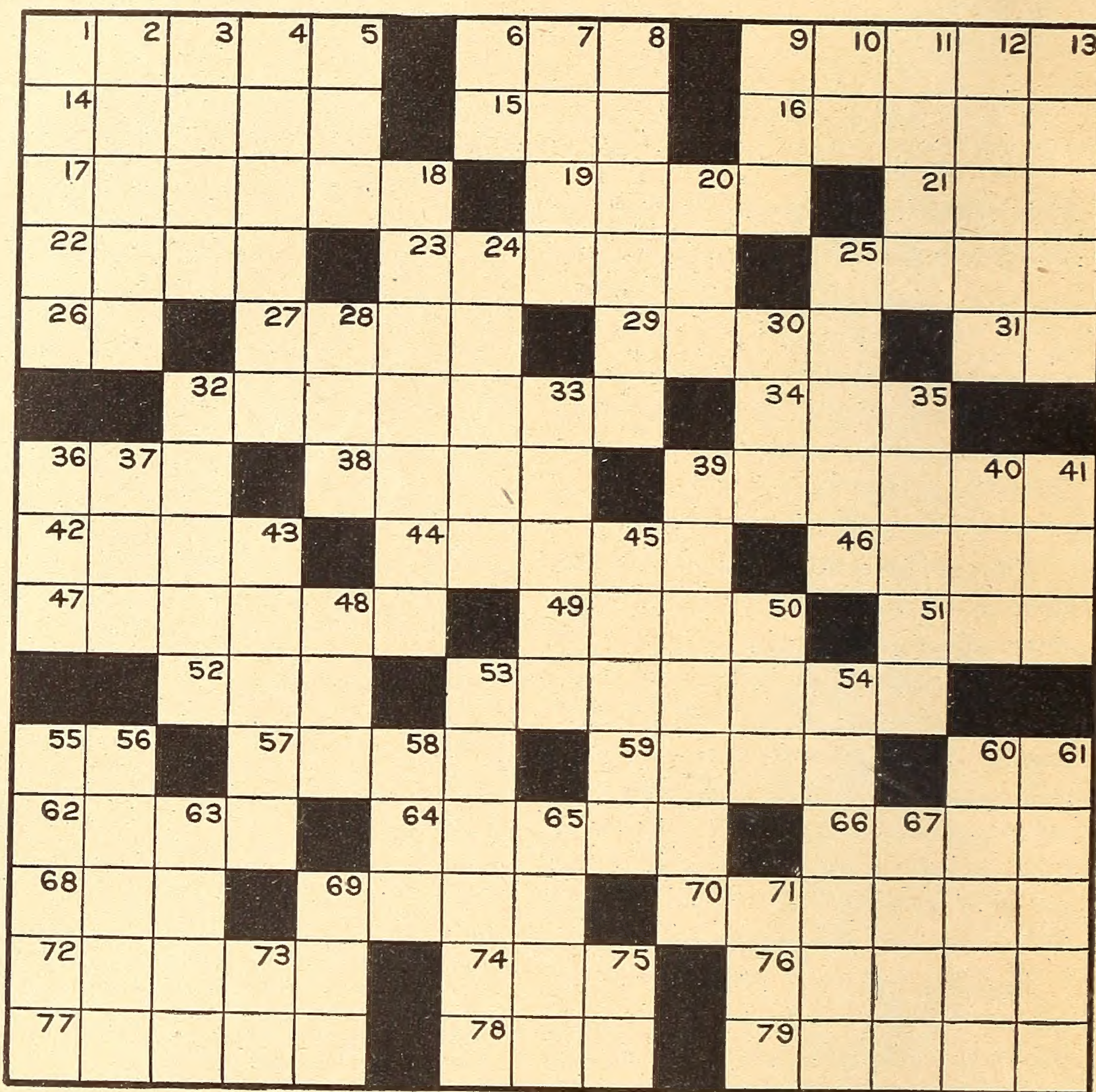
Women can fill the need splendidly. With short preparation—in spare time, at home—they can qualify for these thousands of good paying jobs in government or private industry. From these they can, if they wish, develop into executive accounting careers.

If you are ambitious, and like figures, investigate this opportunity. Ask for information about our practical training in Modern Bookkeeping. It's short, low in cost, interesting. Write today.

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A Correspondence Institution
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



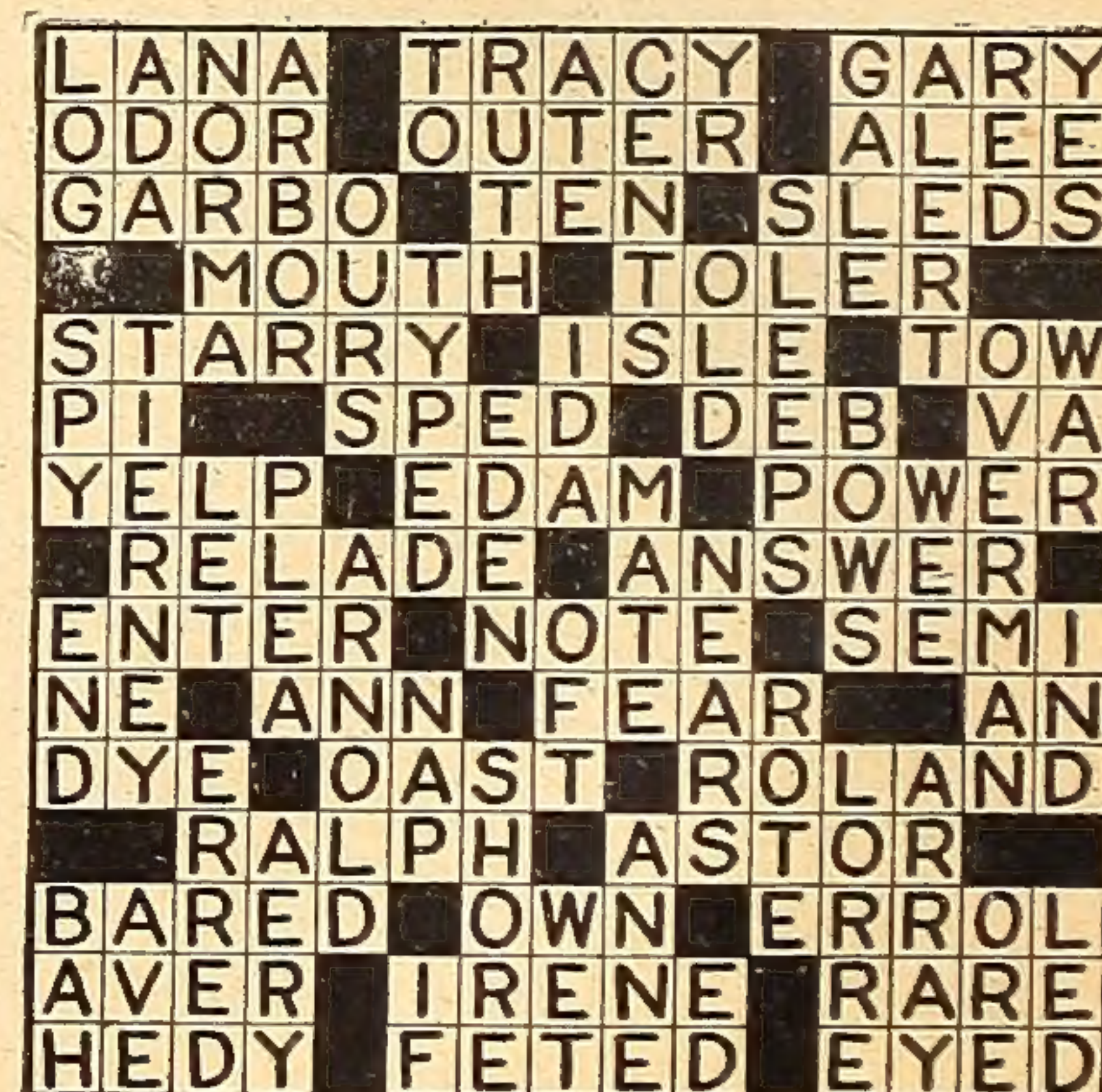
ACROSS

1. Co-star, "Honky Tonk"
6. To utilize
9. Co-star, "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
14. Medicinal plants
15. "My Gal ..." (Rita Hayworth)
16. Watchful
17. Washed lightly
19. Co-star, "Suspicion"
21. Golf mound
22. "Twin ..." (Brent/Bennett)
23. Co-star, "Song of the Islands"
25. Joan Crawford's ex-husband
26. "The Died With Their Boots ..."
27. A member of the British nobility
29. Close by
31. He plays Swede comic rôles
32. Itemized statement
34. Tatter
36. Our great big Uncle
38. To engrave
39. Co-star, "Sullivan's Travels"
42. Woeful exclamation
44. Classic German poet
46. To shout
47. Star, "Captains of the Clouds"
49. Girl's name
51. To piece out
52. Part of the head
53. Star, "Paris Calling"
55. "You Belong to ..." (Stanwyck/Fonda)
57. Back
59. To repair
60. Chemical symbol for copper
62. She's featured in "Four Jacks and a Jill"
64. Star, "A Gentleman at Heart"
66. To caution
68. To regret
69. Dispatched
70. Gazed

DOWN

72. To traverse
74. Co-star, "The Feminine Touch"
76. To indite
77. Ice-skating star
78. Imitate
79. More peculiar
1. Co-star, "Two-Faced Woman"
2. Foreign
3. The sheriff in "Wild Bill Hickok Rides"
4. Abate
5. Compass point (Abbrev.)
6. You and me
7. Bag
8. An ex-Mrs. Barrymore
9. She appeared in "A Yank on the Burma Road"
10. "Mammy" singer
11. To deny approval
12. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
13. Iron ore product
18. Star, "The Fleet's In"
20. Female sandpiper
24. Co-star, "Week-end in Havana"
25. Co-star, "Woman of the Year"
28. Hail
30. Film studio light
32. Likeness
33. A good neighbor country
35. She plays in "Mrs. Miniver"
36. Pouch
37. In the manner of
39. Combining of two firms (plural)
40. A deer
41. Malt liquor
43. Trap
45. Her new one is "We Were Dancing"
48. Before
50. Co-star, "Kings Row"
53. She's featured in "Captains of the Clouds"
54. He's featured in "Johnny Eager"
55. Co-star, "Bedtime Story"
56. To have effect
58. Flying star
60. Nazi-conquered island
61. Beneath
63. Bright light
65. To cease
67. Dry
69. Compass point (Abbrev.)
71. "... In a Taxi" (Anita Louise)
73. Note of the scale
75. Compass point (Abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



From the
stage hit
that had

A
LAUGH
FOR
EVERY
LIGHT
ON
BWAY

HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

to **JOAN LESLIE** (Sgt. York's sweetie)

in the hit that's got all
the priorities
on laughin'
and lovin'!



"The
**MALE
ANIMAL**"

It's women that make him wild!

with **JACK CARSON · EUGENE PALLETTE · HEBERT ANDERSON ·**

Directed by **ELLIOTT NUGENT**

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by **JAMES THURBER** and **ELLIOTT NUGENT** • Produced by Herman Shumlin

WARNER BROS.:
hilarity-packed hit ...
about the college pro-
fessor who was in a class
by himself with the gals!

THEY'RE
Charming



Irresistible

THEY USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

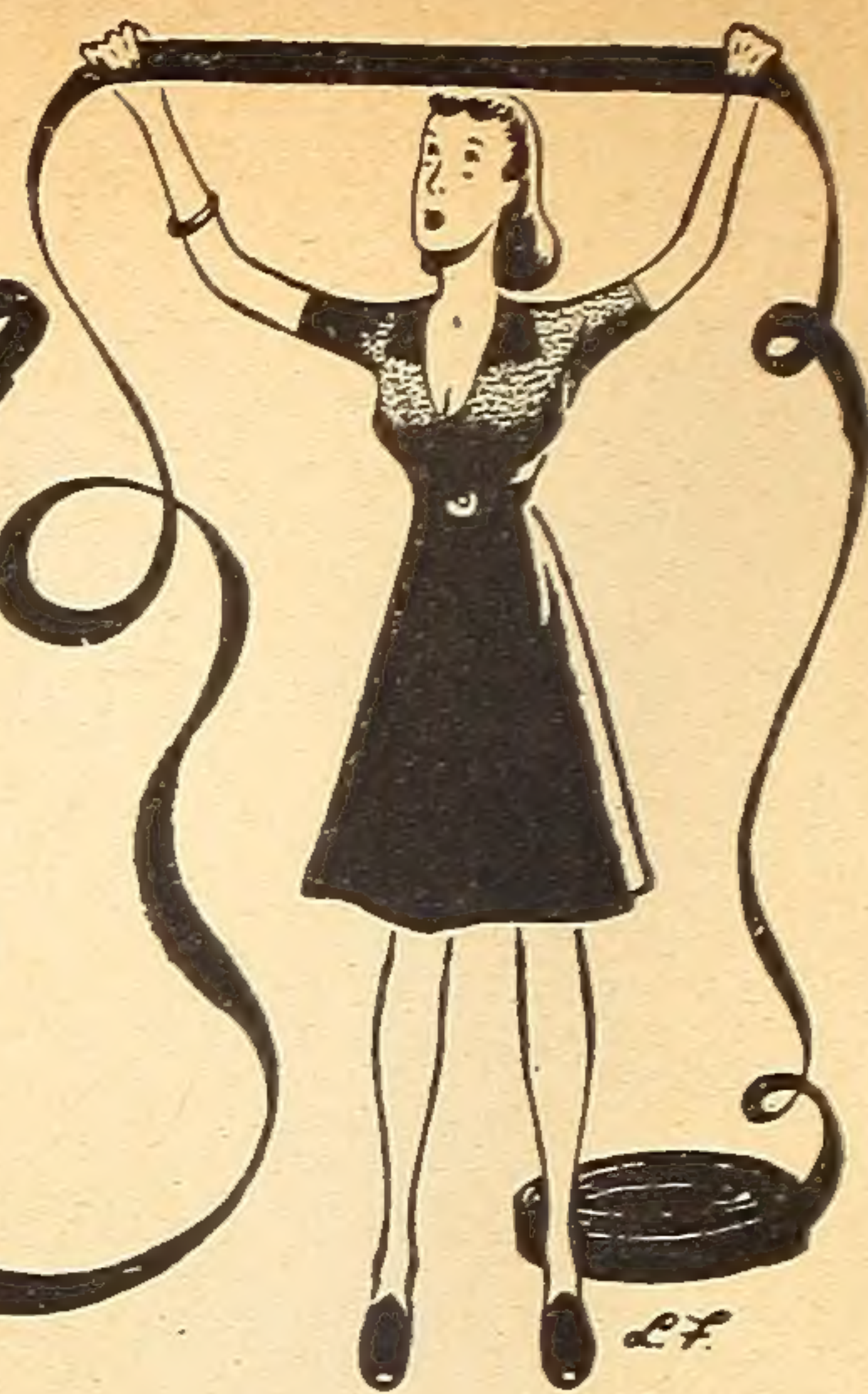
Mother and Daughter . . . both glamorous, adored and admired wherever they go. Both accent their charm with the exotic lasting fragrance of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch of Irresistible will make you divinely enchanting, unforgettable! Try it today. Now in adorable Mother's Day Box. 10¢ at all 5 and 10¢ stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . 10¢

Tagging the Talkies



The Courtship of Andy Hardy—M-G-M

In this new "Hardy" film, Lewis Stone, as Judge Hardy, enlists son Andy to entertain Melodie, victim of incompatible parents. She falls for him, he thinks her a "droop," promotes a romance between her and a pal, and remains true to Polly (Ann Rutherford). The picture has wide audience appeal because its many riotous situations concern not only Andy, but the other members of this typical American family. Donna Reed, splendid as Melodie.



A Gentleman at Heart—20th Century-Fox

A light, romantic comedy about a pair of racetrack bookies who inherit an art gallery. Cesar Romero enacts a suave bookie chief who interests himself in art to please Carole Landis, a gallery employee. Tricked into buying a phony Rembrandt, he starts a racket of copying masterpieces and selling them as originals. Milton Berle, as Romero's stooge, and J. Carrol Naish, an artist who "improves on the masters," furnish good comedy.



What's Cookin'—Universal

A musical with plenty of pep, concerning a group of talented youngsters and a magician, Leo Carillo, who sell the sponsors of a radio program, Billie Burke and Charles Butterworth, the idea of giving up the classics in favor of jive. There's no end to the musical and dancing talent in this film. It has Woody Herman and his orchestra; the Andrews Sisters singing swing; Gloria Jean singing classics; dancing by Jivin' Jacks and Jills.



Wild Bill Hickok Rides—Warners

A rip-roaring Western. For action and excitement it has gunplay, fast riding, cattle roundups. When Belle's gambling hall burns down, she goes to Montana with Jim Farrell to gain control of valuable ranch land, but falls in love with Wild Bill and winds up helping the settlers. Bruce Cabot makes a believable Western hero as Wild Bill; Constance Bennett, good as a lady card sharp, and Warren William, effective as villain Jim Farrell.



Lady for a Night—Republic

A melodrama of the old South with Joan Blondell as Jenny, gambling boat operator, and John Wayne, as Morgan, political boss who loves her. Jenny crashes society by marrying into one of Memphis' first families, but returns to Morgan when her spouse is killed by poison meant for her. Joan's fine acting, Wayne's smooth performance and a capable cast make up for a poor story. Best of all is the comedy supplied by Hattie Noel, as Chloe, Jenny's faithful, colored maid.

(More reviews on page 13)

"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" *Mrs. Mervin Lane*

Hand MRS. MERVIN LANE
Polish NEW CUTEX "BLACK RED"
Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE



After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane's lovely, long nails!

Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . MRS. MERVIN LANE. No wonder she's so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! "At the end of a whole busy week there wasn't a chip or peel in my polish!"

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren't thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York



Wear **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

SCREENLAND

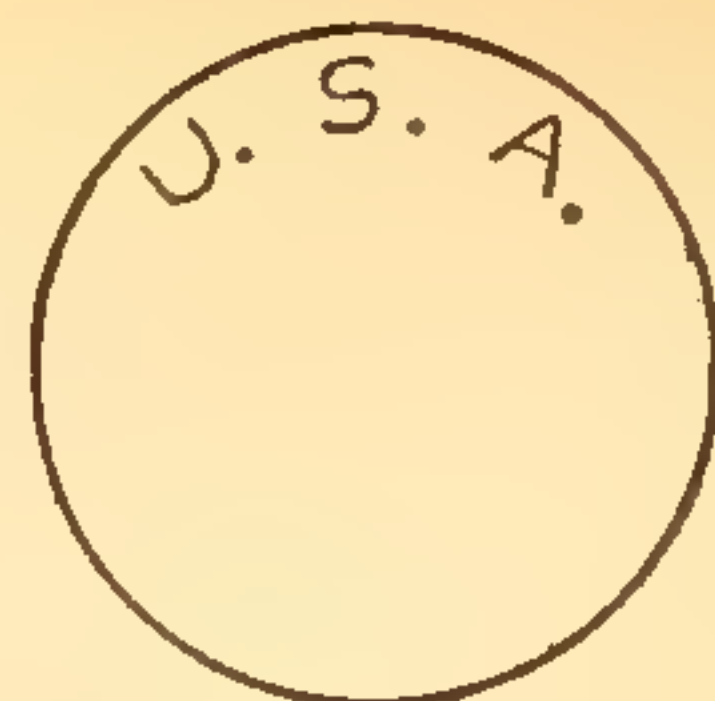
RINGING THE BELL WITH A BIG PICTURE



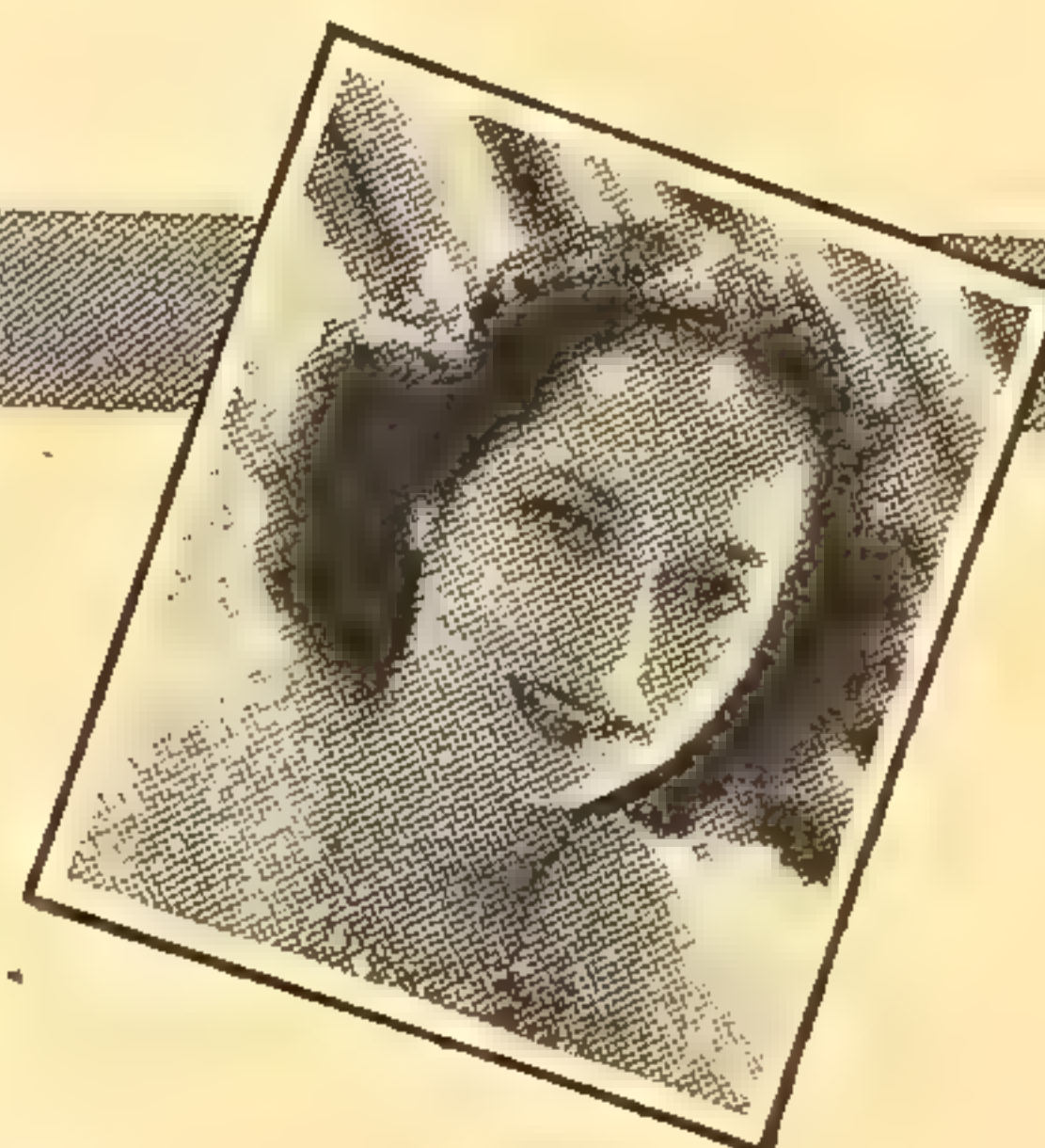
REPUBLIC has hit the jack-pot AGAIN! The newest addition to OUR ever-growing family of hits IS "SLEEPYTIME GAL"—and the GAL is none other than JUDY CANOVA. It's an uproarious farce COMEDY—with, of course, a GENEROUS supply of HIT musical numbers. HELPING JUDY to MAKE "SLEEPYTIME GAL" a real TRIUMPH are TOM BROWN, BILLY GILBERT, RUTH TERRY, THURSTON HALL, ELISHA COOK, JR., MILDRED COLES, AND HAROLD HUBER, all FUN-film experts—and, besides, SKINNAY ENNIS and his band AND JERRY LESTER, from the RANKS of the radio FAVORITES. This is REALLY an ALL-star team FOR laughter, MUSIC, and GENERAL hilarity, AND the MILE-a-minute STORY and the LAVISH production GIVE them all PLENTY of OPPORTUNITIES TO exercise their TALENTS. "SLEEPYTIME GAL" HAS everything you could POSSIBLY ask for in the field of ENTERTAINMENT! The best LAUGH-insurance you can buy IS a ticket to "SLEEPYTIME GAL" WHEN it plays at your favorite THEATRE. It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

It is all so much clearer now! That sounds like a cryptic statement, doesn't it? Here's what I mean: Previously, the motion picture stars appeared before the public eye in a different light. To us they were essentially entertainers—men and women who read lines which someone else had written for them, acted in a way which the director instructed, or, in other words, they gave us our "ticket's worth of amusement."

But the national emergency has changed all of that. We now know the movie stars as they really are—flesh and blood human beings, lovers of freedom and tolerance, haters of tyranny and oppression. When our film favorites go from camp to camp entertaining our boys, or when they follow mapped-out tours for the purpose of selling Defense Bonds, they aren't saying what someone else has written for them, or "putting on an act" because it says so on the paper. No! They are saying what is in their hearts, displaying gestures and actions which are impromptu, natural, their own.

We know one film star gave her life for our glorious land. That wasn't written in any script—it wasn't a publicity stunt—no expert directed it. Carole Lombard gave her life for her faith and trust in an ideal, an ideal which bespeaks her own greatness, Life Through Freedom. Never again will we be able to look upon motion picture stars as mere celluloid representations, because the national emergency has taught us to feel immediacy for them—they are truly one of us—they love freedom as we do. RUTH MAY KNELL, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

Once in a long time, a picture is produced in Hollywood that touches the very soul of man. Such a picture was produced a short time ago—"They Died with Their Boots On."

This picture was not only an excellent production, but has proved and will prove to be a constant inspiration to the men in the armed forces of the United States. However, the main factor in being such an inspiration to the men in the armed forces was its leading star, Errol Flynn.



WIN DEFENSE STAMPS!

SCREENLAND is helping you help Uncle Sam by awarding Defense Stamps for the best letters published. Now you can satisfy two desires at once—tell us what you think of the movies and fill your Defense Stamp album so you can get another Defense Bond. Write a letter to this Forum singing the praises of a particular star or picture, or you may be in the mood for some tall and fancy grumbling about motion pictures in general. It doesn't matter what you write about—just so you write. First prize, \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, all payable in DEFENSE STAMPS. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Only Flynn could have portrayed the character of *General Custer* in such a dynamic fashion.

Flynn and only Flynn could have made the wills of men indomitable, men who have seen and will see this immortal characterization of *General Custer*. All pictures are make-believe, but it is evident that in this picture, Flynn more than realized the character.

He symbolizes the vision of what every soldier dreams of being. Great stars often play in great pictures, but those that Flynn play in just have to be good. So in closing we will say, "Hats off to Errol Flynn."

CORP. CARL R. FOSTER and
CORP. GERALD J. CROWDEN,
Stockton Field, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

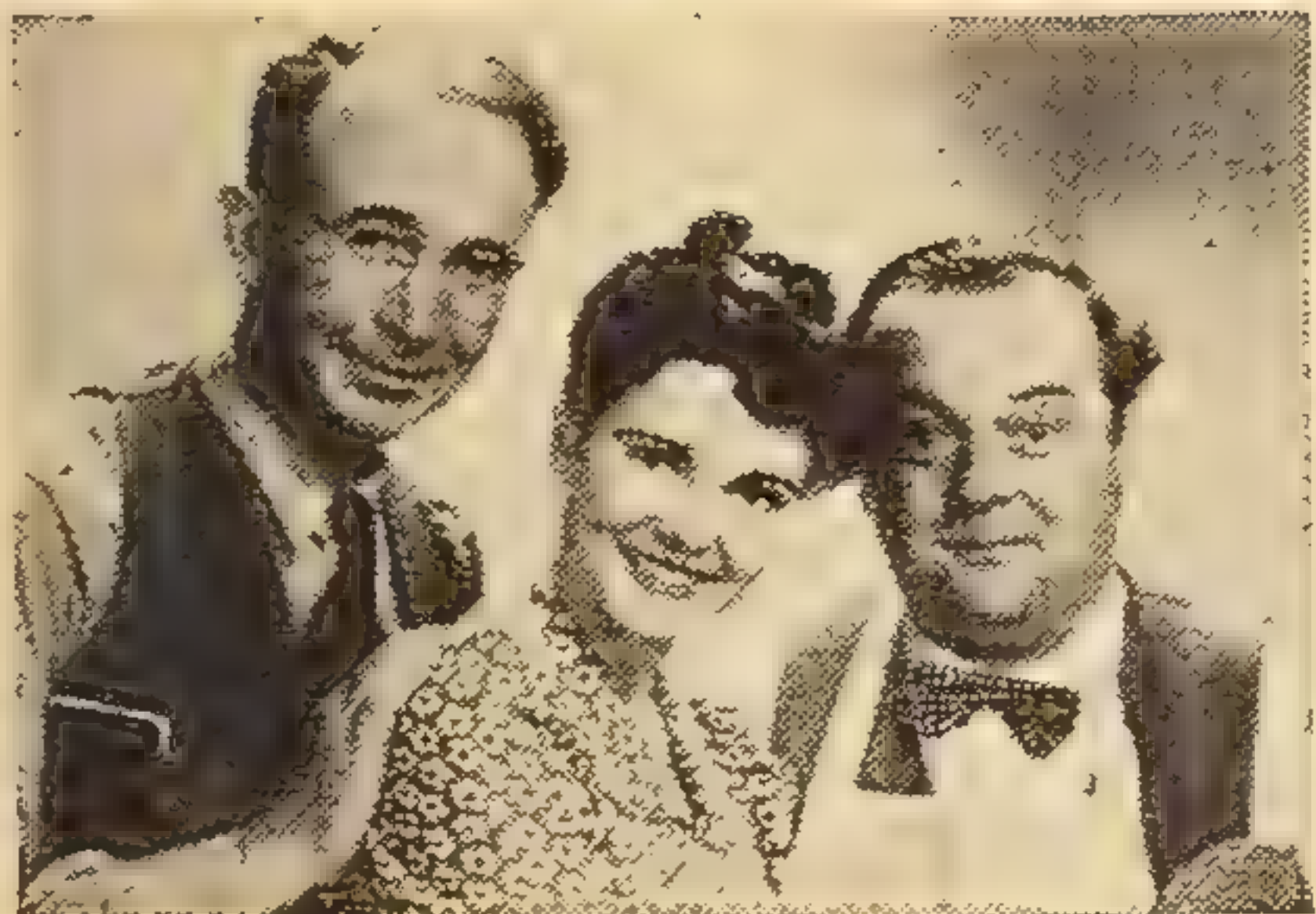
I am a mere man, but I am a movie-lover. Further, I happen to be a foreman (Please turn to page 73)

Tagging the Talkies



Lady in Distress—Times

Filmed in London, this melodrama does not concern itself with war, but tells of the plight of two couples whose lives cross when *Peter* (Michael Redgrave) thinks he sees magician *Zoltini* (Paul Lukas) stab his wife (Sally Gray). Sally and Michael become friends and in a fight, Michael thinks he has killed the jealous husband. Redgrave particularly fine where he returns to his wife, played by Patricia Roc, believing himself a murderer.



Hidden Hunger—F. S. A.

Here's a timely two-reeler with a message, presented as part of the National Nutrition Program. The idea behind it is to keep Americans healthy during war time. Walter Brennan plays farmer *Link Squires* who starts out on a one-man crusade to change the nation's eating habits and ends up in court charged with being a public nuisance. Although the subject is about better eating for sound health, it is entertainingly told. You must see it!



This Time for Keeps—M-G-M

Robert Sterling and Ann Rutherford are featured in this domestic comedy as a young married couple who have "in-law" trouble because the wife's well-meaning father, Guy Kibbee, interferes in the husband's affairs. The action is pokey, the story is dull and uninteresting, and although the cast, including Virginia Weidler, works hard, it fails to put the picture over. Too bad, because so much could have been done with a comedy along these lines.

SAYS LARAINÉ DAY

(AMERICAN BEAUTY BLEND)



LARAINÉ DAY, NOW STARRING IN "FINGERS AT THE WINDOW," AN M-G-M PICTURE

"Find a Lovelier Skin"

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,
famous Movieland Commentator

"I'm a Yankee blend of blond and brunette strains. My skin's hard to match! So once I had to have my powder shade 'handmade' for me.

"But no more! For, lo! In that thrilling new Woodbury Color Controlled shade, Windsor Rose, I've found my exact 'Skin Twin'!"

Right, Laraine! Working with Hollywood directors, we found there

are but five skin types. Then by the magic of our new Color Control process, we styled new shades for every type. There's one for you. A shade of new life, new radiance, new longer-clinging beauty!

Study the chart in every fragrant box to find your type, your shade. (Regular sizes are 50¢ and \$1.00. Introductory sizes are 25¢ and 10¢.) Smooth on your "glamour dust"... and see new interest in *his* eyes!



New Beauty Bonus! Now in the \$1.00 box, you get Woodbury Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up all for \$1.00!

WOODBURY

Color Controlled powder

FREE... 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART

Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, fast, all 6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9123 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

What A Wife Must Know To Safeguard Happiness

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's married happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 5509-A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Trained artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you **COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING**, step by step, all in ONE complete course. Mail Postcard today for **FREE BOOK**—Art for Pleasure & Profit—describes training and opportunities in art. No obligation. State age.

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The Clean, Odorless Way to REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!

Carry Lechler's VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, any where. So easy and clean—odorless—no mess, no bother—nothing to wash off! Lechler's VELVATIZE is NOT a depilatory. It comes in a smart pistol compact—so easy to use as a powder puff! Effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. One compact enough for FULL SEASON'S USE! Send your name and address today, enclose only \$1.00, we pay postage. Or sent C.O.D. this few cents post go. Receive Lechler's VELVATIZE compact in return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler's VELVATIZE

House of Lechler, Dept. 155, 560 Broadway, New York City

LASTS
MONTHS
POSTPAID
for \$1.00
only



Now that it's Spring, the stars are moving their parties outdoors! Enjoy this barbecue at Fibber McGee and Molly's home

By Betty Boone

ANYTHING can inspire that famed radio and screen team, Fibber McGee and Molly, to stage a party. All they need is an excuse.

Not so long ago their good friend Pat O'Brien, about to leave for New York for personal appearances for Uncle Sam, mentioned that he'd miss his wedding anniversary, the first time he and Eloise hadn't been together since they exchanged their bridal "I do's."

"Let's celebrate the O'Briens' anniversary!" chorused the Jordans. (In private life Fibber McGee and Molly, stars of "Look Who's Laughing," are James and Marian Jordan.) So Eloise and her friends came out to Encino to the Jordans, Pat was reached long distance for the party's high spot, and everybody marked the evening with a red star.

But the favorite festivity at the Jordans' is the barbecue, because of the food, informality, and their ideal set-up for cooking outdoors. Theirs is a two-and-a-half acre place, formerly an orange and walnut grove, with a crooked little stream running through



'Tis fun, McGee—when Molly and pretty daughter barbecue hamburgers in outdoor oven. Above, watch it, McGee!

it, a few grand old live oaks, and flowers enough for an entire Rose Parade. Enough walnut and orange trees have been removed to accommodate a white Colonial house with a gallery across the entire upper story, several flagged patios and terraces, a circular drive, and a swimming-pool complete with shining white guest house and dressing rooms. The original little frame five-room cottage is now the playhouse, reached from the main house by a rustic path over a bridge that spans the stream and winds among giant ferns that are massed on the banks.

Fibber didn't have to move any fruit or nut trees for his barbecue pit; it has been

built under one of the live oaks, the largest oak in all California, with a spread that will take care of as big a party as the Jordans could hope to throw. In nice, sunny weather, guests eat as well as cook out by the pit. If it's cool, rainy, or beginning to get dark, they move into the playhouse with their trays. A barbecue usually begins in the afternoon so that those who

That droll fellow of radio and screen, Fibber McGee, actually likes to turn the ice-cream freezer. Reason: He likes vanilla. At right, Molly and Fibber (Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jordan in real life) in their cheerful and informal rumpus room.



want to swim can swim, those who prefer to loaf in the sun can loaf, and those who like to toss horseshoes, play badminton, croquet or run races can exhaust themselves as they please.

"Croquet sounds like a kid's game," commented Fibber, looking sadly up from the barbecue pit where he was building a fire, "but the way they play it over here, looks like it's sort of a prelude to murder. They choose up teams according to how many want to play; sometimes they have six on

each side. Each team takes one ball and every member of a team uses the same ball. You don't have to go by turns, your captain puts you in whenever he likes. If you are the sort of player who can get a ball out from behind a wicket, or manage a long shot so the ball leaps the lawn and lands in position, or nicely through its wicket, you get that chore. Of course each side has alternate turns and they have a rule that a captain can't use the same player twice

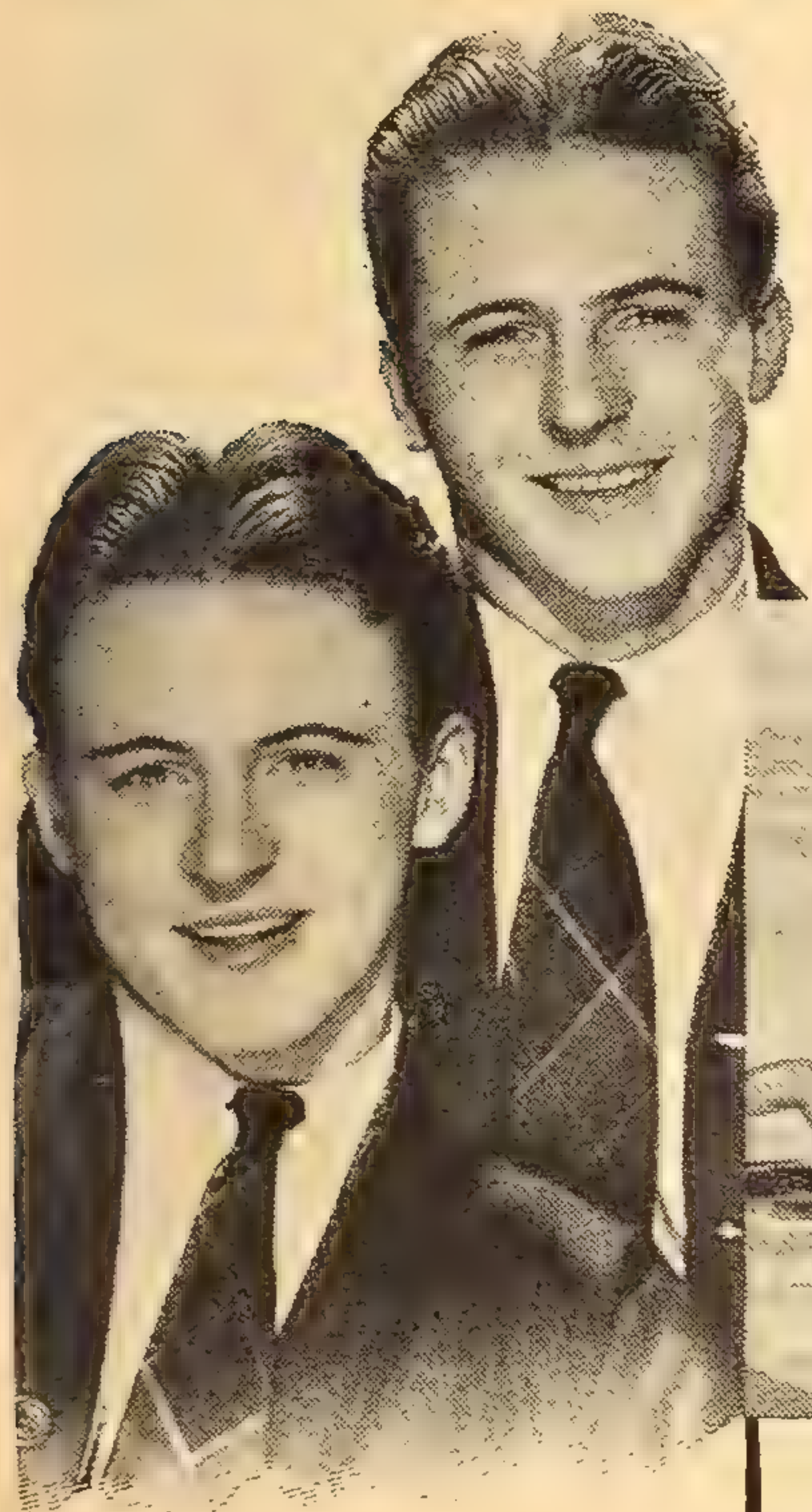
(Please turn to page 70)

Identical Twins prove...

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT



Jack and Alan, the Sampson Twins of Norwood Park, Illinois, champion swimmers, tournament golfers, team up in a new contest.



"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track...almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test...wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent...I had chosen another well-known leading brand."

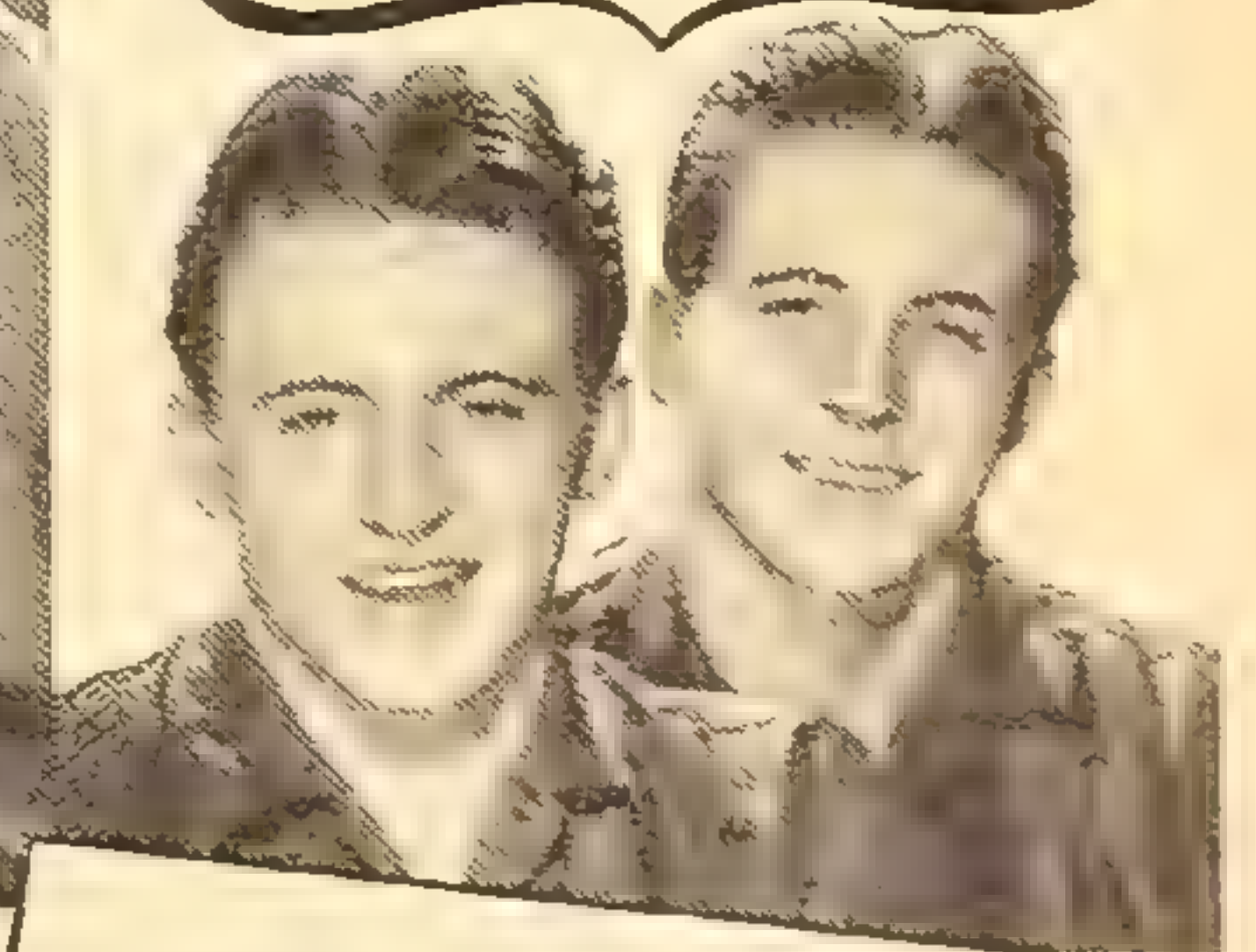


For the safety of
your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year.



IT'S A PHOTO-FINISH
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SAMPSON TWIN TEST
CONFIRMS THIS FACT:
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TESTS FOUND NO OTHER
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BY ACTUAL TEST...PEPSODENT
PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS**
BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF
ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

CALL IT "GOOD TASTE"

One purely feminine slant on that great question, "How can I do my part?" inspired by Brenda Marshall

By Courtenay Marvin

become very important, and who knows but what something far more desirable in the way of fabrics, foundations and the furbelows of beauty will come to answer our need? But whatever the future, our girls, if we know them, will take what there is, adapt it to their needs and emerge with a fashion charming if, perhaps, original. They have this great knack of adaptability and good taste.

In casting about Hollywood for one of the younger players who seemed to display a perfect sense of taste in dress, Brenda Marshall loomed foremost on a long list of possibilities. And so on her last visit, up went your reporter for luncheon at the Hotel Madison. Brenda appeared in her suite simple but chic in a black crêpe dress with two beautiful and brilliant clips in place of buttons closing the shirt-waist type front. If you have beautiful clips, try using them in this manner on any closure where there is invisible fastening. Her black suede sandals were studded with brass nailheads, and these she volunteered were maybe a little chi-chi. They weren't because the rest of her was so restrained but

with a smartness. The same lovely pompadour you see here in her portraits was smooth and shining, her dark brows and lashes were obviously *au naturel*, she wore no rouge but her lips and nail tips were lushly red—hot-house rose would be this guess. As she picked up her fingertip-length silver fox coat, studded with one huge and sparkling ornament, hair, skin and eyes blended into rich tones of sepia, all soft, soft brown, as if the same crayon held firmly, then lightly in an artist's hand might have drawn her.

Over a poached egg on toast for Brenda, a curried lamb for me, we discussed clothes. Brenda believes that a girl will look smarter with a few good clothes and many changes in accessories than she will with a wardrobe of pretty, unrelated frocks, alone. She believes you should think out your wardrobe (*Please turn to page 67*)

"Much more beautiful than she photographs," is true of Brenda Marshall, unless you see her in Kodachrome because of her brown and topaz tones.

Brenda's face is beautifully sculptured, especially with that dawning smile, typical of her. Here in detail is that pompadour, and favorite jewels.

CLOTHES may not make a girl but they can certainly mar her. Mix a crêpe afternoon dress with a beret and saddle shoes, or take a sweater and tweed skirt with high-heeled suede pumps, a little hat and a veil, and something inside you will actually cry out. That's your good taste offended—and how! Happily, such "take it or leave it" cases grow fewer and fewer. The American girl knows how to dress, and dress as few others throughout the world know how. Business girls do it on salaries from \$15 upward, and the housewife early learns the art of spreading Joe's, say \$35, to include canapés as well as clothes.

This is a great day for American beauty, in spite of the forecast of shortages in silk, rubber and imported luxuries. It is a great day because every little quiet wren of a girl as well as the bird of paradise type has suddenly

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !



Allure—for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.

**Amazing difference due to hair conditioner
now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo!
Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!**

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene

removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference!



Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!**



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!





“All that . . . and You, Darling . . .”

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a “double brush-off,” as Broadway puts it—and came back.

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights . . . a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

“Darling, darling,” she whispered, “It’s all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown” . . . and patting his arm, “and unloved, too.”

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again, “Sure, she may have talent . . . but she’s got something else, too!” he said flatly.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible.

And, like Smedley, he explained why.

Luckily the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it. *Later she actually forced herself into Smedley’s office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a date which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong . . . that she could be completely desirable.

Two Strikes Against You

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn’t it just common sense to be always on guard?—Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic and deodorant every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

Be At Your Best

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter

to

YOU

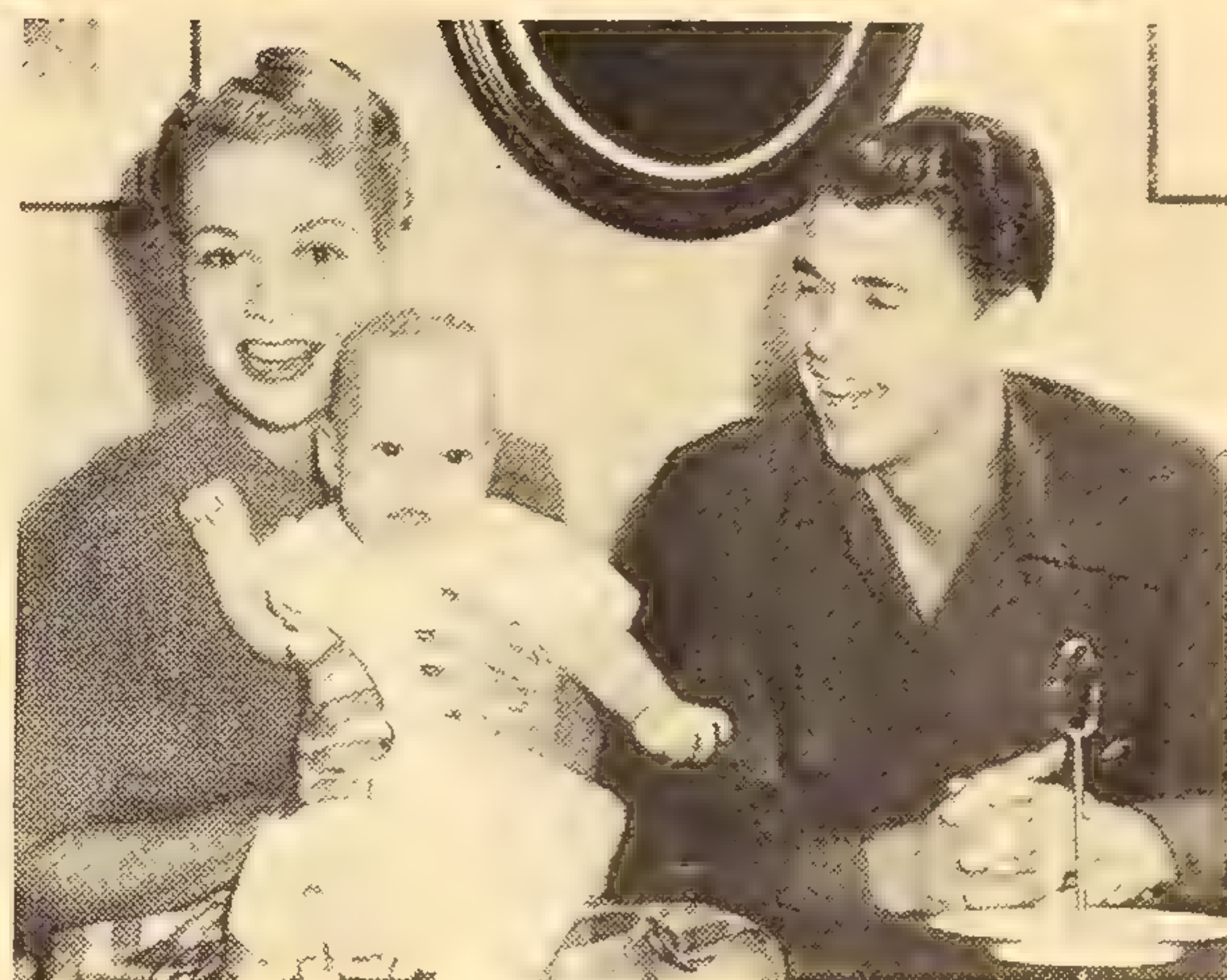
About

Them!



Keep 'Em Buying! That's what all Americans expect of their neighbors, and of themselves. We mean buying United States Defense Bonds and Stamps. And we want to tell you, here, just why Hollywood stars are so sold on the idea. It's a new slant!

Priscilla Lane and Joan Leslie are not only knitting for but investing in freedom! Brenda Marshall sells husband Bill Holden Defense Stamps. Right, the Ronald Reagan baby gets Defense Stamps for his future instead of a new nursery.



DEAR READER:

There's a new spirit in Hollywood these days. Movie stars are no longer a race of rarefied beings set apart from the rest of the world. They are thinking in the same terms as we are. The new spirit is the spirit of "saving"—saving people's lives; saving the principles of Democracy, the right to free speech, free worship, free assembly and all the freedoms included in the Bill of Rights. And they are thinking in terms of others so that they, too, may be free.

Speaking of saving—no longer are screen celebrities saving up for that new swimming pool or that new wing for the house in Beverly Hills. No, sir! Take the case of the Ronald Reagans (Jane Wyman). They were going to "do their house over" what with a new baby and all. Instead, baby gets Defense Stamps for his future, much more important than a new nursery. Brenda Marshall's brand new husband, William Holden, is going into the Army. Brenda does her bit selling stamps and bonds for freedom.

Comparatively few Hollywood stars make those much-publicized huge salaries, you know. Joan Leslie's salary is still a modest one. The little heroine of "Ser-

geant York" hasn't been in pictures long enough to be "big box office" or to have accumulated much in the way of a bank account or a big home. However, that doesn't prevent her from doing her share. From now on she'll have no more "savings" but a fine collection of Defense Bonds to remind her that it's good to be able to make money and invest it wisely. Priscilla Lane wanted a new fur coat but she didn't get it. She knew a better way to invest her earnings.

And so it goes. Hollywood has been "putting on an act" for us, and a good one, for years. We've been imitating her coiffures and customs, her modes and her manners, looking to her to set the pace for performance. Well, this time it's no "act" that Hollywood is putting on. It's the real thing, and besides applauding we can all join in, because we're part of the show!

Delight Evans



★ Girls!



Above, famous Brown Derby in Beverly Hills, California. Laraine Day, M-G-M starlet appearing in "Fingers at the Window," is shown, far left, wearing one of the smart uniforms of the Red Cross, that of the voluntary worker who has served the required number of hours. Left, Laraine in canteen uniform. Below, Miss Day in the production uniform worn by those who knit and sew at headquarters.



OUT Hollywood way, and out your way too, we bet, the women are up to their ears in defense work. And we mean work. You know, work! That thing that brings out sweat on the brow. No longer does high noon find Hollywood women stretched out languidly between their silken sheets, extra size, dawdling over their breakfast coffee and the silliest of silly conversations—you know, what the Countess di Frasso, dear Dorothy, said to Elsa Maxwell, dear, dear Elsa, at Ciro's, and that positively spunky (*Please turn to page 56*)

**By
Elizabeth
Wilson**

KEEP YOUR *Figures* FIT FOR DEFENSE WORK!

THE BROWN DERBY DIET

Keeping fit is the order of the day! You're no good to your country in any kind of defense work unless you are in condition. Slimness, now more than ever, is here to stay. Those dreary pounds must go! The Brown Derby (there are really four of them now) is as much a part of Hollywood as studios, stars, and sunshine. So it was only to be expected that the Brown Derby should do something about keeping Hollywood women fit for defense work. Robert Cobb, manager, called in a dietetics consultant, the two of them went into a huddle with the famous chef of the Vine Street Brown Derby—and THE BROWN DERBY DIET, presented here, exclusively, for the first time, was the result. And the Brown Derby Diet works! It has been tried by Dorothy Lamour, Betty Grable, Phyllis Brooks, and dozens of others. They followed it carefully from Monday through Sunday, and they all lost three pounds. Try it! You may substitute tea for coffee, but be sure to use saccharin instead of sugar. Drink lots of water between meals—AND TAKE PLENTY OF EXERCISE!

**TRY
BROWN
DERBY
DIET**



Movie stars in uniform! Above, Lieut. Ida Lupino, slim as a sapling in her ambulance driver's uniform. Dorothy Lamour, left, active in her stamp-and-bond selling work. Left below, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy are a credit to Lieut. J. C. Cook as they serve food at canteens.



**FOR DAILY
MENUS PLEASE
TURN PAGE**



That glorious Hollywood figure envied by other women is illustrated here by Carole Landis, who prides herself on keeping trim, fit for her defense work.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

1/2 grapefruit
Poached egg on rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH

Sliced breast of chicken on rye toast with garnish of radishes
Sliced tomato on lettuce with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Glass of milk
Black coffee
Recipe for mineral oil dressing:
2/3 cup American mineral oil
1/3 cup of lemon juice
Season with salt, pepper, and dash of Worcestershire sauce.

FIRST DAY

DINNER

Celery (6 stalks)
Steak (fat trimmed off)
Whipped baked potato
Black coffee

Recipe for "whipped baked potato": Take inside out of baked potato, mix with salt and pepper and warm milk, whip, put back in shell, and heat again in oven.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit julep
Scrambled egg with 2 strips of bacon
1 slice rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH

Broiled patty of ground round steak
Green salad, sprinkled with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Glass of skimmed milk
Black coffee

SECOND DAY

DINNER

Broiled lamb chops (2)
Julienne of string beans
Small banana
Black coffee

Recipe for "grapefruit julep": 1/2 cup of grapefruit juice and 1/2 cup of grapejuice, mixed.
Recipe for "green salad": Mixed greens (lettuce, watercress, parsley, etc.) and fresh vegetables.
Recipe for "Julienne of string beans": 1/2 cup of cooked string beans seasoned lightly with salt, pepper, and butter. Julienne refers to the way beans are cut.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Broiled grapefruit, Vermont
Cinnamon toast
Black coffee

LUNCH

Fruit cocktail
Currant jelly omelette with 2 strips of crisp, brown bacon
1 slice rye toast
Stewed tomatoes
Green salad with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Black coffee

THIRD DAY

DINNER

1/2 glass tomato juice
Breaded veal cutlet
Spinach purée
Plain buttered, diced beets
Pineapple sherbet (made with milk)
Black coffee

Recipe for "broiled grapefruit, Vermont": Tablespoon of maple syrup on 1/2 large grapefruit. Broil lightly in oven.
Recipe for "spinach purée": Cooked spinach, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and chopped fine.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Small fresh fruit
1 slice French toast
Chocolate

LUNCH

Clear chicken broth
Green salad with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Fresh fruit compote
Black coffee

FOURTH DAY

DINNER

Broiled lamb chops
Eggplant
Fresh peas
Apple sauce sweetened with saccharin
Black coffee

Recipe for "French toast": Whip up egg, pour milk into it, salt and pepper, dip bread into batter, and sauté in butter.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced orange
1 New England codfish cake
Black coffee
1 slice rye toast

LUNCH

Green salad, extra large, with
lemon juice (or mineral oil
dressing)
Baked apple
2 crisp rye crackers
Black coffee

FIFTH DAY

DINNER

Any broiled fish
Carrots
Julienne of string beans
Tomato stuffed with cottage
cheese
Mixed fresh fruits
Black coffee

Note: The difference between
New England codfish cake, and
any other codfish cake, is that
New England codfish cake has
potato in it.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

1/2 grapefruit, or its juice
Soft cooked egg
Rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH

Broiled patty of ground round
steak
Green salad with lemon juice
(or mineral oil dressing)
Fruit compote
Black coffee

SIXTH DAY

DINNER

Clear chicken broth
2 slices broiled liver
Buttered fresh green peas
Baked potato
Fresh fruits mixed
Black coffee

SUNDAY

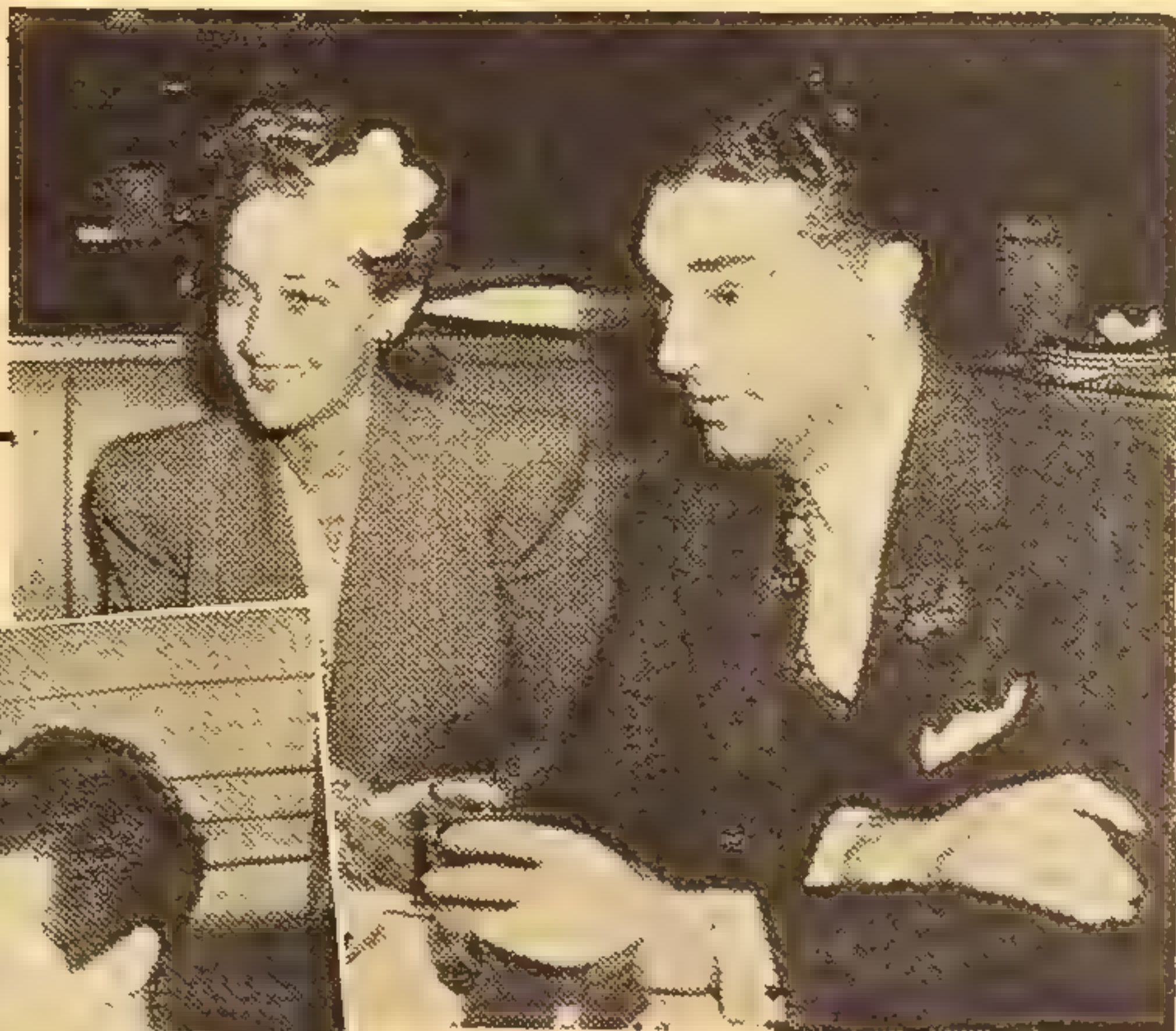
BRUNCH

1/2 grapefruit, or its juice
2 scrambled eggs
2 strips of broiled bacon
Cinnamon toast
Black coffee

SEVENTH DAY

DINNER

1/2 glass tomato juice
1 cup of clear chicken broth
1 crisp rye cracker
Broiled lamb chops
Green salad with lemon juice
(or mineral oil dressing)
Julienne of string beans
Baked potato
Mixed fresh fruits
Black coffee



Betty Grable tried
the Brown Derby
Diet—what an en-
dorsement! Left
above, popular Bob
Cobb, manager of
the four Brown Der-
by restaurants, with
Dottie Lamour. Be-
low left, Gene Tier-
ney and her hus-
band luncheon at
Vine Street Derby.

"I, Clara Lou, Take Thee, George"



HOLLYWOOD'S NICEST "GAG"

First day back from honeymoon George Brent was supposed to "marry" Barbara Stanwyck in scene for new film, "The Gay Sisters" at Warner Bros. He had a pleasant shock when his real bride, Ann, appeared in Barbara's dress!



← **THEIR BOSS,
H. M. WARNER,
GIVES HIS BLESSING
TO THE BRENTS**

**FIRST HOME PHOTO:
SAYS ANN: "I'M A
PAMPERED DARLING,
AND I LOVE IT!"** ↓

It was a hectic courtship and a whirlwind elopement—but now that George Brent and Ann Sheridan are Hollywood's most home-loving honeymooners they break down and give us the first, exclusive story of their romance

By Ida Zeitlin

ON FRIDAY night, January 2nd, a man who looked like George Brent but was booked as Pat Watson, phoned a girl in Waco and boarded the eleven thirty sleeper plane at Los Angeles.

He and the girl waiting in Texas had planned to be married at his sister's Palm Beach home on New Year's Eve, so they could start '42 together as Mr. and Mrs. Fate, in the shape of rain and a war, stepped on that one. First, he had to hang around Hollywood till the rain stopped, to finish a little number called "In This Our Life." Then he couldn't get plane reservations, because soldiers came first. He was lucky at that, he decided, when they finally found him a place on Friday night. Smooth sailing now. Only an air flight between him and the great day.

Except for two brief cases, his luggage had gone on ahead. "Which of these two will you keep?" the stewardess asked. Didn't much matter. The one with the ring might be safer in the baggage compartment. She took that one. When they reached Ft. Worth next morning, she and the brief case were both gone. She got off at El Paso. Where the brief case got off, nobody knew.

He made for the waiting room where a girl rose to greet him. Her nose was nice, but that was as far as you'd go, since you couldn't go farther. A black slouch hat pulled down, a black coat collar turned up, covered everything between. Glasses covered her eyes, a snood covered her hair. "Mr. Watson, I believe—?" she said.

A few minutes later he was at the desk. "About my brief case—"

"We haven't been able to locate it yet, Mr. Watson. We'll be glad to wire back. It may have been taken off by mistake at El Paso—"

"But I need it now, not three days from now—"

Sorry, Mr. Watson, we'll do our best, Mr. Watson, double talk, Mr. Watson, till there was no time for breakfast and only a minute to catch the Florida plane. Noon



found them grounded by a blizzard in Memphis. They'd have to wait for a weather report. No, they couldn't wait in the plane, it had to be locked. Nice and warm in the waiting room, though. Hot coffee and stuff—

There was no hot coffee and stuff for the wedding party. The lunch room was jammed. If Ann had turned her coat collar down far enough to slip anything between her chattering teeth, she'd have been caught. The crowd was already catching on to George, giving him the look and then the double-take.

They stuck to the waiting room. They kept moving to keep from freezing and, when stares grew too pointed, admired cracks in the wall. George made a flying trip to the desk. "About my brief case—"

"No word yet, Mr. Watson. If it turns up, where shall we send it?" They were very cheery. George felt he ought to be too.

(Please turn to page 58)



WAR TIME

EXPERIENCES OF

Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

OF ACTION and drama there was a-plenty, and there was even a Hollywood star aboard ship in the North Atlantic to take the leading rôle. But the film world missed out on this one.

This was the United States Navy's affair, and nobody realized it more than Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who felt with his shipmates that this was every man's show in the daily business of winning the war on "shoot on sight" orders given by President Roosevelt before Pearl Harbor.

He had good reason to feel that way, and to shy away from playing a star rôle, even if his junior grade lieutenant's stripes had been substituted for the gold braided sleeves of an admiral.

Four months on active duty on a destroyer and a battleship as a reserve officer, called into the Navy's front line, Doug has seen the grim side of war, has sighted the menacing periscope of the Nazi U-boat in the cold gray waters of the North Atlantic. Heroics in the movies are nothing compared to this new rôle which Doug has played without benefit of cameras or script.

Acting has not been forgotten—just put in moth balls for the duration. But when his career as a film star is resumed, Douglas says that he wishes public reaction would be—"Look at that officer being an actor," instead of vice-versa. That was what the blue jackets aboard his destroyer had to say when they viewed aboard ship his latest film, "The Corsican Brothers."

Down in Washington the other day Douglas told me that his men evidently were not movie fans. The sailors, accustomed to meeting the tall, lean actor only as an officer, were unable to disassociate the Navy from the man they knew. In the dueling scene, Fairbanks reports, the men shouted "Go get 'em, Sir, go get 'em."

Now temporarily on shore duty, Lieut. Fairbanks took a few minutes off recently from his work at the Navy Department to tell me a few facts and impressions of his trick with the Navy at sea. By the time this article reaches print Fairbanks may be standing on the bridge of another ship in either the Atlantic or Pacific, as Navy orders come without advance warning.

So they came to Lieut. Fairbanks last October. He had not long been back in America from a special mission to South America, where he was assigned by the State Department.

Substituting active ill-will toward the axis for goodwill to our Southern neighbors, Doug turned to the anti-aircraft batteries in the "sky forward" of his ship, which must remain unnamed due to necessary censorship. Needless to say, Doug gained more than practice in giving the order, "Men, ready, fire!" This was before Pearl Harbor, but don't forget the Presidential order of "Shoot on sight in defense of our hemisphere."

But when war did come to America in the form of the Japanese attack, December 7, every ship on the Atlantic was informed by code that the hour had struck. When the words came rattling off the ship's code set, Douglas was standing by in "Radio Central"—the communica-

tions room. He was one of the first to read the words, "Air raid on Pearl Harbor. This is not a drill."

The message was then delivered to the ship's commander, who was not long in telling his men about it. There was a silence aboard ship as the men crowded around the loud speaking amplifiers. There was only the wash of the waves against the grey hull of the ship and the roar of the turbines below deck. Then—suddenly—the booming voice of the skipper swept out across the decks and out to sea. "We are now at war with Japan."

There was no sound from his listeners, not even a nervous cough. The words were only words.

"In a day or two, we may expect to be at war with Germany and Italy."

There was still no reaction from the men.

"And let us sink every damn enemy ship we see. We'll send every one of them to the bottom of the ocean."

That little piece of the Atlantic was churned with shouting, screaming—the battle cry of the Republic. The men could not contain themselves. All those months of fighting and yet wondering when the real declared war would come had now ended. This was the real McCoy, with all the trimmings. This was the real business for Lieut. Fairbanks, too. The fighting would get even more vicious.

As Douglas turned away to take his station by the anti-aircraft guns, he pulled his blue overcoat around his ears and looked up at the blue sky and wondered how long guns would be pointed skyward and bombs would be dropped in this great world conflict. For years, he had seen it coming. And at last he was on hand to do his part.

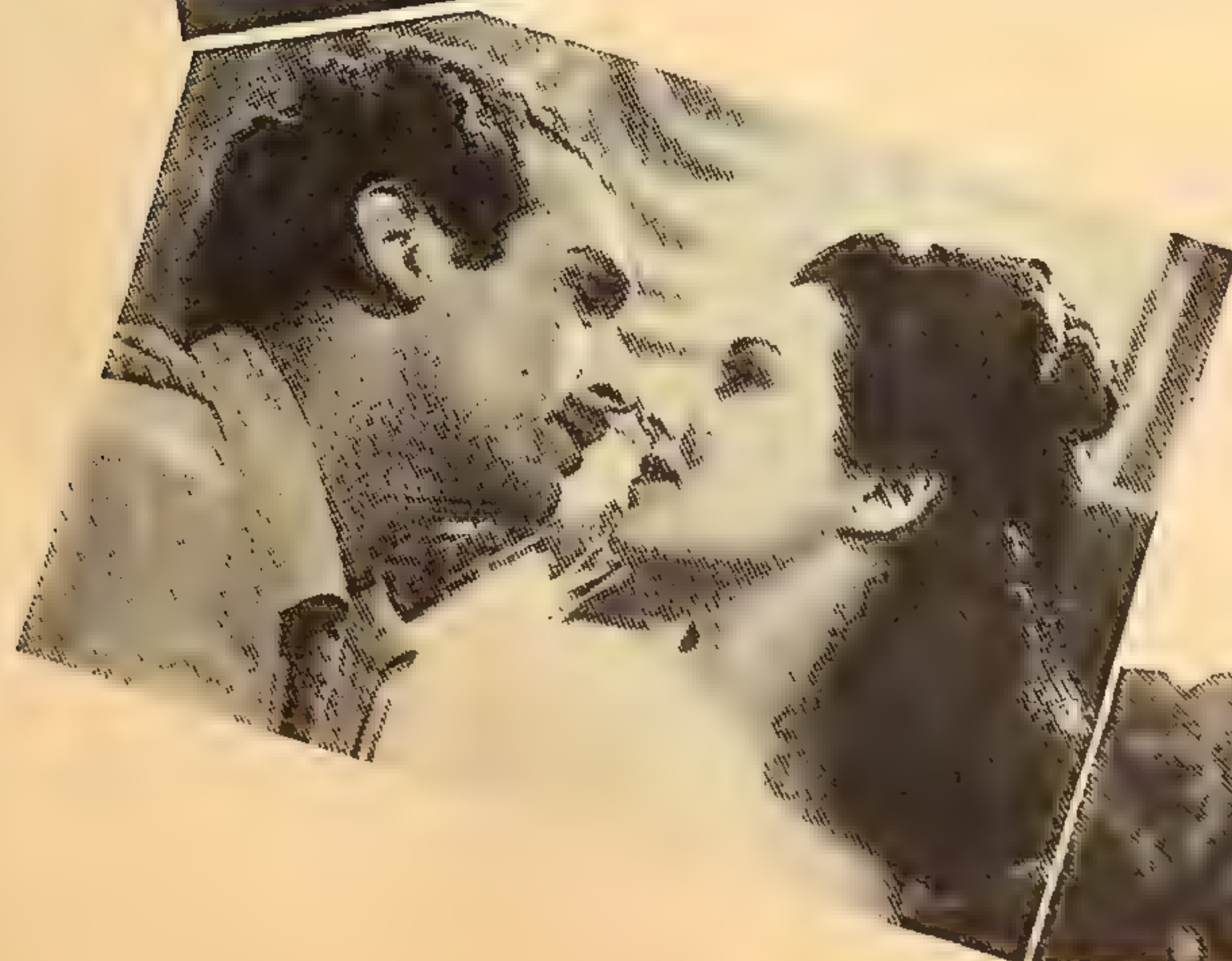
The movie actor, who scorns the word "glamor," told (*Please turn to page 82*).

Heroics in the movies are nothing compared to the real life rôle Fairbanks has played in his country's service. Exclusive interview with the brilliant young actor who has side-tracked his career for the duration

**By
Ann
Cottrell**



When the blue jackets aboard his ship saw Fairbanks' latest picture, "The Corsican Brothers," they shouted, "Go get 'em, Sir, go get 'em!" at the dueling scenes. Left, Lt. Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks; below, scene with Ruth Warrick from film.



ONE early evening last fall, an ashen-cheeked lone lady climbed shakily aboard a plane in Hollywood. She flew through murky skies to Minneapolis where her husband lay gravely ill with pneumonia. She stayed with him until he was well out of danger, then she flew back to Hollywood.

Because the lady was Bette Davis, Hollywood's greatest actress, all this was duly recorded in the newspapers. When you read the dispatches, you were certainly glad Arthur Farnsworth recovered, and your reaction to Bette Davis' dramatic
(To page 60)

By

Kirtley Baskette

HOW I CONQUERED FOOLISH FEARS!

Bette Davis' frank confession will inspire you!

Bette and her husband, below. Facing page, striking closeups from her new film, "In This Our Life" (Warners).







?
?
?
?



We started something when we asked this leading group of glamor girls a very personal question! See if you agree with their pert answers

**By
Jack
Holland**



TO PAY or not to pay—that is the question. The question, at least, confronting many young girls throughout the country. In the most ecstatic state of love and friendship, a gal often wonders whether she should let the boy friend reach for the check slowly or whether she should engage him in a drawn-out race for it herself. Okay. She does try to get the check first. The boy friend scowls and looks unhappy. Well, then, let him grab it. And suppose he looks as though he were reaching for the government debt? What to do?

Well, ladies, if you really want to know what to do and what not to do, take a tip from the glamor girls of Hollywood and then—well, use your own judgment.

Linda Darnell seemed a likely subject to me, for she is both young and popular enough to have some pretty definite ideas on the subject.

"As far as I can see," Linda said, "a girl should *never* have to pay the check. There are

This isn't a private argument—join in! Read what Carole Landis, Dottie Lamour, Michele Morgan (below) and, on facing page, Betty Grable, Alexis Smith, Pat Lane, Linda Darnell have to say, then decide.



Should a Woman Pay the Check?

Decorations
by
Leonard Frank

too many ways of avoiding the embarrassing situation. She can see to it that her boy friend takes her only to places that match his income. She can be considerate enough of him to want to help him save his money. But she should never feel that it is right for her to pay the bill.

"If a boy and girl are frank with each other, there's no need for any embarrassment when it comes time to pay the check. In my own case, I have gone out with a chap who hasn't made the salary I do. When he has suggested that we go to some very fancy restaurant or night-club, I have tried to suggest some other place. It's an easy thing to do, and you (Please turn to page 68)



Columbia Pictures Corporation. Producer, B. P. Schulberg. Director, Richard Wallace. Complete cast and credits on Page 79.



JOAN BENNETT "HIGHLY
FRANCHOT TONE



Making love right under the noses of the Nazis!



CHRIS grinned as he looked at himself in the mirror. It would have seemed strange enough to see himself out of uniform again, that R.A.F. uniform he'd been wearing ever since he arrived in England from his native America. But these clothes he had just put on, cut to fit a man at least two inches shorter and many more than that wider, made him feel he was wandering through a fantastic nightmare.

"Highly irregular!" he said to himself, mimicking his squadron commander's Oxford accent down to the last clipped syllable. He'd always laughed more or less ruefully at his superior's pet phrase but this time it seemed particularly apt. For nothing had seemed regular on that last flight which had sent him dangling from a parachute down to a deserted Dutch roof top. He had been alone in the plane, flying on that secret mission to Holland, and when he had soared over the city which was his destination an anti-aircraft gun had sputtered its fire:

He had just managed to free himself of his parachute, to send it flying over the roof tops when the dormer window had opened and he saw a man staring at him through the dusk, a man with ruddy cheeks and penetrating blue eyes, dressed in a butler's uniform. There was that breathless moment wondering if he were friend or foe when voices from the garden below shouted to the man at the window.

"Have you seen anything of the English flyer?" they demanded.

"No," the man said. "There's been no sign of him around here." He waited until the footsteps below vanished into the distance. Then he beckoned cautiously. "This way, sir," he said, indicating a window further along on the roof. "I'll let you in there!"

Chris felt the breath gushing back into his lungs in warm relief as he crept towards the window.

"Thanks for not giving me away," he said, using the perfect Dutch which was the reason he had been chosen for this mission.

"It's nothing, sir." The butler smiled. "But you cannot stay here. A German officer, Major Zellfritz, is billeted here and . . ."

"All I need is some civilian clothes so I can get about," Chris interrupted. "I've several contacts which I must make."

"There you are, sir." The butler indicated the dress

Love finds a way to outwit Nazi intrigue in this arresting story from the new film which co-stars Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone

By

Elizabeth B. Petersen

clothes neatly spread out on the bed. "All prepared."

"Now, look," Chris grinned. "This is just an informal escape. Haven't you anything less conspicuous?"

"Oh, yes indeed, sir." The man opened a closet door. "It's just that we were expecting Mrs. Woverman's son home from the sanitarium to-night. Mr. Hendrick," he coughed delicately, "has had a nervous breakdown. I'm sure my mistress would want you to take anything you can use."

"The moths must have been saving this for a rainy day." Chris grinned at the dozens of suits hanging there. "This one should do all right." He held it in front of him. "Will I pass as a Dutchman?"

"A bath should aid the deception, sir." The butler returned his grin as he opened a door. "The bathroom is in here, sir."

He had taken his bath and had time for that one rueful glance in the mirror when he heard the voices downstairs and then the footsteps following them coming closer and closer. There was that tense moment as he heard the steps outside the door, as it opened and he saw the man with close cropped hair and bristling imperial moustache, dressed in a German army uniform, standing there; and behind him was the old woman with the bright, kindly eyes—and the girl, the girl with soft dark hair and lovely deep blue eyes, that he was staring at so intently he didn't see Jan, the butler, making frantic signals to him.

"Hendrick!" the older woman said. "Stop making faces at your wife."

It took a split second for Chris to realize *he* was Hendrick and that the lovely girl was his wife, by generosity of that same Hendrick (*Continued on page 78*)

IRREGULAR"



Gallantry and beauty triumph over tyranny!



For the first time Glenn Ford gets coveted "top billing" in "The Adventures of Martin Eden," with Claire Trevor and Evelyn Keyes (above).

Glenn gets the critical works from his best, and severest friend, Holden!

THIS guy Ford—I don't quite make him out. He's an actor who talks like a fan, behaves like an extra, and performs like a star.

Count that day forever lost when he isn't telling you, all excited, that he's just seen Nancy Coleman in "Kings Row" and, golly, is she good! Or a fellow named Alan Ladd in "This Gun for Hire" and, say, there's a real actor for you! He's been Henry Fonda's number one admirer for years, although they've never so much as met. He's had dinner out at Joan Crawford's house, and I think I've heard about that dinner a dozen times, but

always with the same enthusiasm. He hasn't told me (although someone else has) that when he called her up a few days later to inquire whether she'd consider having lunch with him and was told she'd be happy to accept just as soon as she finished her picture (ten days hence) he was so amazed that he mumbled a hurried "thank-you, goodbye, I'll call again." That was eight months ago and he hasn't called yet.

That he behaves like an extra (and just how much) you can learn from almost any studio cop. Studio cops to this good day are either demanding that he show his card (*Please turn to page 74*)

THIS GUY FORD

By his Pal

WILLIAM HOLDEN →



RITA
HAYWORTH
AS
"MY GAL SAL"

She sings, she dances, she looks like this in her latest film, "My Gal Sal," romance of the Gay Nineties, with cast including Victor Mature and John Sutton.

Nelson Eddy's No Angel!



Imagine Mr. Eddy sharing this piquant scene with sirenish Jacqueline Dalya! Better than that, see "I Married An Angel" for more scenes like this one.

BUT JEANETTE IS!



Now before we get the Eddy-MacDonald fans up in arms, we'd like to explain: In their new co-starring film, "I Married An Angel," Nelson abandons his usual dignity to play a gay playboy who's a very devil with the girls until he meets — you guessed it — the angelic Jeanette. BUT — best scene of picture has her confessing: "I lost my wings!" Well!

Michael R. 6002

HAPPY
BRIDEGROOM



AND HIS HAPPY BRIDE



"The Courtship of Andy Hardy" is Mickey's new picture; but it was his courtship of Ava Gardner that excited his fans, who are hoping that the gorgeous 19-year-old Mrs. R. will soon be seen with Mickey on the screen. How about it, M-G-M?

SUSAN HAYWARD'S SALUTE TO SPRING!

New season
calls for new
suits, new spirits,
new hair-dos!
Cute starlet of
Cecil B. De-
Mille's film,
"Reap The Wild
Wind," is in tune
with the times

*Paramount Pictures.
Costumes by I. Magnin and Co.
Los Angeles*





Dream dresses, these two for evening worn by Susan Hayward. Above, filmy white net over crisp taffeta, with snug bodice of bright cerise, and feather birds on shoulder and nestled in the folds of the full skirt. At left, bold morning glory print skirt topped by Grecian-draped bodice of kelly green silk jersey. Facing page, large picture: appliquéd service medals on blouse and jacket, pill-box hat, and tiny angel earrings are highlights of Susan's smart navy wool Spring suit costume. Natural colored shantung fashions the suit shown full-length, with gay print blouse. And how do you like Susan's new coiffure, designed by Wally Westmore, which combines the pompadour and clusters of curls?



JOAN FONTAINE

As the brave, beautiful, British heroine of "This Above All"



RANDY SCOTT

Has the situation well in hand in "To The Shores Of Tripoli"

LAUGHS

from

Abbott and Costello clown for you in a big, new, bright musical movie



"Rio Rita" is an American musical comedy classic. Its 1942 version is streamlined, with the exception of funny-fellow Lou Costello, shown above with luscious Patricia Dane, and at right with partner Bud Abbott and pretty Inez Cooper. The romance department of the new musical picture is capably accounted for by Grayson and Carroll.

and LOVE "RIO RITA"

Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll warble and woo in the romantic scenes





Young Bob had better become accustomed to polite puns on his name, for he's acclaimed every day as "most promising" newcomer at M-G-M. Above, with Ann Rutherford in his best rôle to date, in "This Time for Keeps."

A STERLING CHARACTER!



It wouldn't be a big, rugged Western if it didn't feature big, rugged John Wayne! Whether he's ridin' and shootin', or making masterful love to Marlene Dietrich, he's sure to enthuse his femme following in "The Spoilers."

WAYNE OF THE WEST!

Ray Jones,
Universal Pictures

AT HOME WITH THE BRIAN DONLEVYS



This charming nine-room Early American home in Brentwood, right, was converted by Brian Donlevy from the 35-year-old California frame house, right, below. It now has all the charm of New England and, in addition to the flower gardens, it has orange, lemon, avocado and grapefruit trees growing on the four-acre grounds. Above, Brian and Mrs. Donlevy beside the hearth with its old copper fittings. Royal Doulton mugs, Dickens pieces, an old hunting gun, and a powder horn are the mantel ornaments. Below, Donlevy in a corner of the combined playroom and den which has cabinets and furniture of old pine and hooked and rag rugs. The walls and ceiling of this informal room are done in dull redwood with off-white beams. Note the keg-shaped lamp base.





Above, Mr. and Mrs. Donlevy at the gate to their Early American Brentwood home. The remodelling job took almost two years, and the home is now the essence of charm and suburban good taste. Left, above, Mrs. Donlevy in a corner of the French bedroom with its hearth framed in French tile. The color scheme is peach and white with touches of pale blue. An old French clock and fine Dresden pieces are the mantel decorations. Left, the Donlevys in the playroom-den. The pine love seat is upholstered in yellow nubby wool with contrasting flower pattern. Below, left, Brian working on the roof of the house during reconstruction. Below, they are pictured in the window seat of the playroom-den. The rooster lamp with straw edged shade is an interesting feature.

All photographs
made exclusively
for SCREENLAND
Paramount Pictures



First, exclusive pictures of the new home of Brian Donlevy, that picturesque performer whose acting you applauded in "The Great McGinty" and whose latest achievement is "The Remarkable Andrew"



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Priscilla Lane and Robert Cummings
in Alfred Hitchcock's "Saboteur"



is GIRL AT THE GABIN LOOKS

And the gals
look right back
at stalwart
Jean, whose first
American movie,
"Moontide," is
breaking ro-
mance records

Three, among many, of
the girls who are Gabin-
conscious: Ida Lupino,
who plays his sweetheart
in "Moontide" (left);
Ginger Rogers and Mar-
lene Dietrich, below, two
beauties to whom Jean
pays court off-screen.



By Maude Cheatham

THE most adorable quality I have ever found in a woman is sincerity. Perhaps its very rarity makes it so highly desirable." So said the fascinating French actor, Jean Gabin, new romantic challenger.

Jean Gabin! It is well to learn to pronounce this name. Very patiently, but with an impish glint in his blue-green eyes, he slowly spelled out the English pronunciation—*Zhahn Gab-beh*. Already, he has an American following, for several of his French pictures have been shown here, notably "La Grande Illusion" and "Pepe le Moko." Hero-worship is in the air!

During the two hours I was with him the phone rang constantly. Fifteen calls came from women, some locally, several long distance, with one coming from a feminine admirer in New York City. She had just seen "Pepe le Moko," and had pulled many strings to secure information as how to reach him by telephone. Her conversation contained every extravagant phrase known to our lan-

guage, and Jean was a little breathless when it ended.

I asked, "Does adulation please, or disturb you?"

A moment's hesitation, then he replied, "Naturally, it is the most flattering, but it is amazing, very amazing. I've seen nothing like the American enthusiasm. In France, we are allowed more privacy, and our affairs, apart from the screen, are our own.

"But," he hastily added, "I find all American women charming, most intriguing! I would say that on an average, they are more beautiful than French women. Those in France are most sophisticated, more subtle, while in America the women put their glorious national freedom into gracious and wholesome living. I admit, I admire feminine sophistication, but I'm beginning to wonder if that is as important to me as seeing a girl with a beautiful sun tan, and her hair blowing freely in the breeze as she takes active part in outdoor sports.

"They are vivid, stirring (*Please turn to page 76*)



Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
BRILLIANT!

APPEAL: Occasion for cheers—because Carole Lombard's last picture also turns out to be her best, Jack Benny's best, director Lubitsch's best.

PLOT: Scintillating satire of the Nazi domination of Poland, in which leading theatrical troupe of Warsaw, and particularly the matinée idol star and his beautiful wife, outwit the invaders by clever impersonations of Gestapo spies and officers, and finally escape to England. Hilariously funny in some scenes, intensely exciting in others, the story shifts from high comedy to melodrama, but thanks to Ernst Lubitsch's masterly direction the result is never confusing, always entertaining.

ACTING: Exit laughingly, as she would have wished it, for Carole Lombard—in her best rôle, in her best mood and manner. Your sincerest tribute to the memory of this gallant girl will be your enjoyment, your appreciation, and your applause of her witty, vibrant performance. Jack Benny plays the "hammy" Hamlet with rare zest; in fact, "Jackson" will surprise you with his smooth trouping. Robert Stack, screen's handsomest juvenile, is refreshingly forthright as a daring young aviator; while Stanley Ridges is excellent as the Gestapo spy who gets his. Sssss!

Korda-United Artists

"BAHAMA PASSAGE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SULTRY!

APPEAL: For incurable romantics, especially those who have been brooding over Stirling Hayden ever since "Virginia"—here he is, and Madeleine, too.

PLOT: Gosh, do we have to go into that? With Hayden and Carroll going native, blue skies and bluer water, and the call of the tropics, in Technicolor? Background of real Bahamas is so beautiful, and the co-stars in the foreground so highly decorative, the plot, what there is of it, won't bother you much. Scene is Dildo Cay, a small island owned by Hayden and invaded by Miss Carroll, who, quite understandably to the gals in the audience, sticks around despite his objections. Whew, it's warm!

ACTING: Screen's two most gorgeous blondes treat us to a photogenic field-day with Stirling Hayden in particular standing up spectacularly under the dazzling sun and the color camera. This is the last Hayden film for the duration, girls, or so they tell me; so take a good, long look at this stalwart character who had the courage to walk out on Hollywood. (Imagine Miss C.'s feelings—from Hayden to Bob Hope.) In the supporting cast, Flora Robson and Leo Carroll are as convincing as their rôles permit; while little Mary Anderson is provocative in a smaller part.

Paramount

"THE INVADERS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
IMPORTANT!

APPEAL: Crave an exciting movie? Want something serious and substantial in the way of screen fare these days? This picture meets both requirements.

PLOT: It can happen here! In this film it does. A Nazi submarine penetrates Canadian waters, is sunk by the RCAF—but not before its commander and crew have landed. From there on it's melodrama—with a meaning. As the first Germans to set foot on Canadian soil the ruthless band pillages and plunders, until one by one they are captured. Here's all the suspense, thrills of the man-hunt—powerfully directed, intelligently contrived—with the terrific impact of reality.

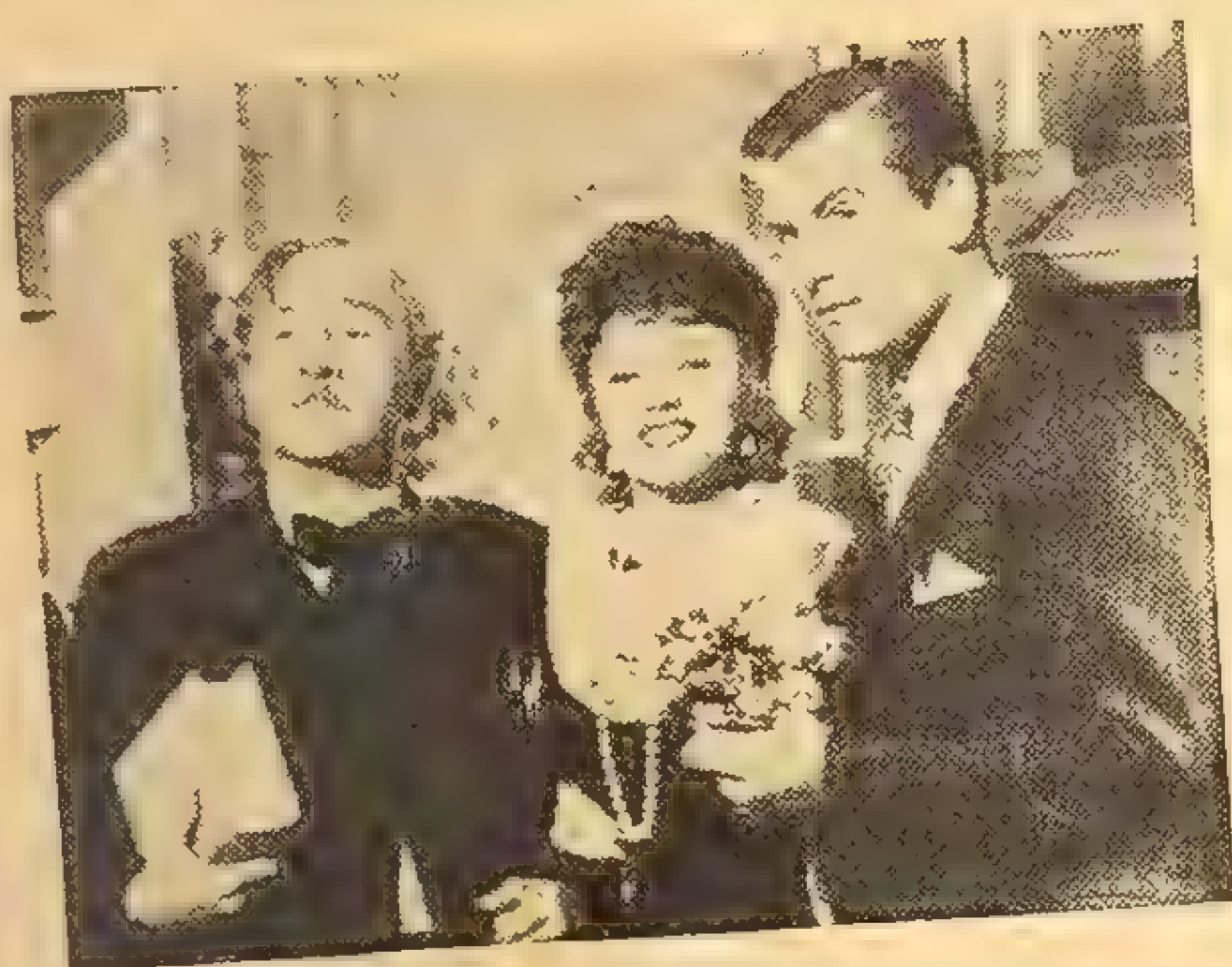
ACTING: For once "all-star cast" is no exaggeration. You'll be glad to see Laurence Olivier again in a striking portrayal of a French-Canadian, accent and all, who gives his life for freedom. Anton Walbrook is splendid as the leader of the Hutterites, actual colony of "good Germans" in Canada. His is the eloquent and moving "voice" of all oppressed peoples. The inimitable Leslie Howard plays the dreamer who is brought face to face with brutal fact by the invading Nazis. Eric Portman is excellent as the "leader" whom lanky Raymond Massey, as an every-day Canadian soldier, finally defeats.

Columbia Pictures

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"ROXIE HART"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SHOCKER!

APPEAL: Strictly for loud, hearty laughers, the slap-the-knee, burst-the-seams kind—though what some Ginger Rogers fans will think—tsch, tsch!

PLOT: From "Chicago," sensational play of the gaudy 1920's by Maurine Watkins, Nunnally Johnson has fashioned a racy screen version with little regard for the finer feelings of the Ginger Rogers Fan Clubs, but every consideration for the risibilities of less sensitive moviegoers. Character study of a distinctly giddy type who enjoys the spotlight as Chicago's cutest "murderess," especially when she goes on the witness stand. Courtroom scene is funniest of the month.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers displays daring—to say nothing of those legs in long, lacy silk stockings—when she plays the bird-brained but bewitching Roxie Hart. She is always completely in character; she never attempts to apologize for Roxie, she simply plays her, cheap, flashy, flamboyant. It's probably one of her finest performances—but you may hope she won't do it again soon. Adolph Menjou is in character, too, as the pompous counsellor, but George Montgomery is colorless as the reporter who falls in love with Roxie. Handsome, maybe—but a rather dull actor, so far.

20th Century-Fox

"MISTER V"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE!

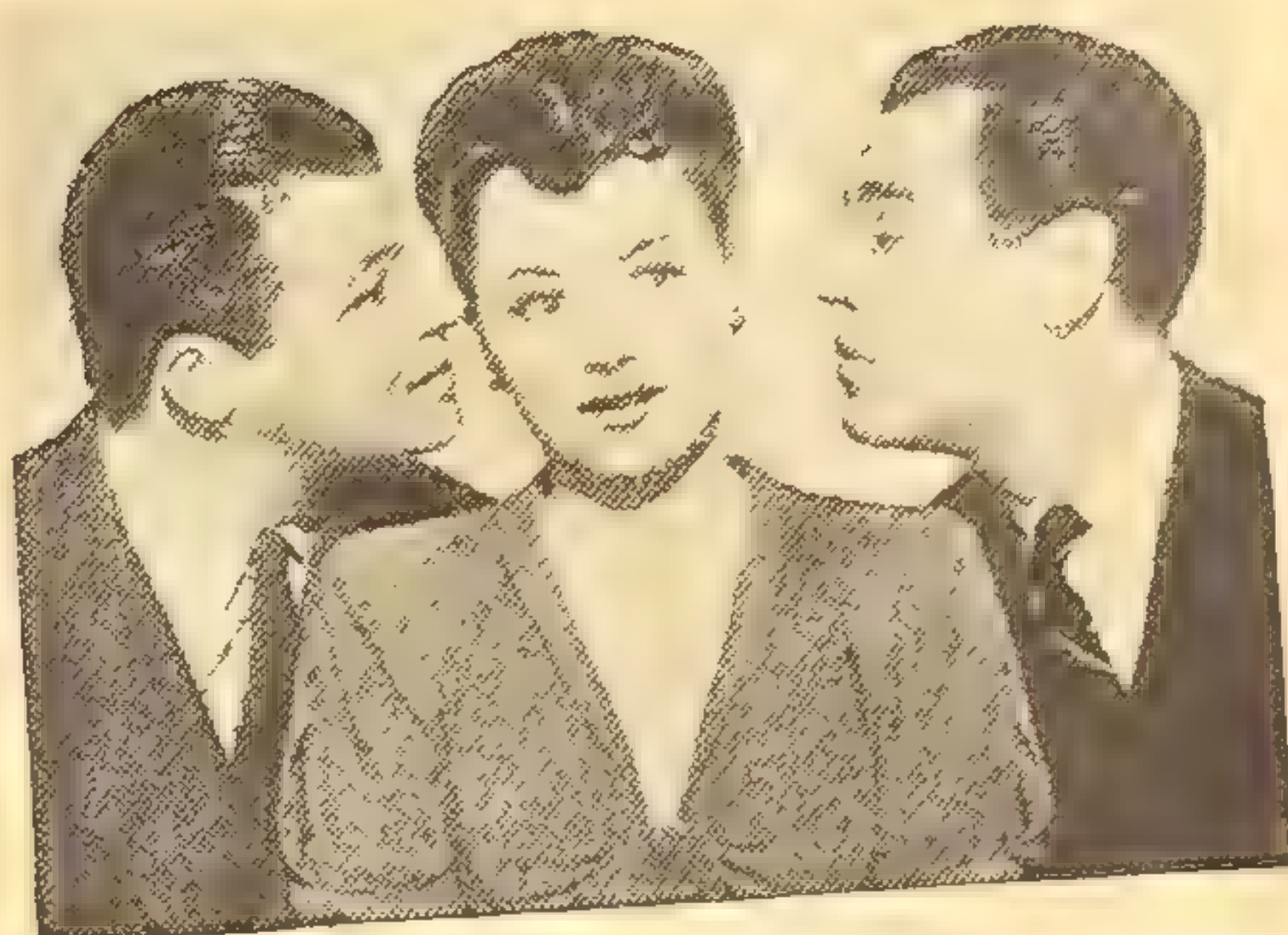
APPEAL: Particularly to those loyal Leslie Howard fans who may have been wondering what he has been up to—here's your answer, and it's magnificent!

PLOT: Both timely and timeless, it concerns the heroic adventures of one supposedly absent-minded Cambridge professor of archeology who rescues victims of Nazi persecution right from under the noses of the Gestapo. A modern Scarlet Pimpernel, he takes incredible risks and always wins—which makes for exciting entertainment. He pokes polite but deadly fun at Hitler's right-hand men; he dons successful disguise as an American bund leader; he walks into a Nazi concentration camp—and walks out with the prize prisoner. His rescues include a damsel in distress, thus there's romance, too.

ACTING: Triumph for Mr. Howard—not only as star, but as producer and director. Professor Horatio Smith is his most interesting performance since *Pygmalion*; the good Professor is ingratiating, noble, amusing, but never too whimsical. Applause for Mr. Howard, the producer, for picking such a story and starring in it. Applause, too, for Howard the director—for imagination, humor, and encouragement of unusual photography. Francis Sullivan, Hugh McDermott, Mary Morris—fine.

United Artists

"THE MALE ANIMAL"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUNNY!

APPEAL: Take the family, round up the neighbors, and a fine time will be had by all—especially if you want to get away from war films just for tonight.

PLOT: The play was a Broadway success. The picture is even funnier. Perhaps the fact that Elliott Nugent, director-star of the stage play, also directed the film explains it. Anyway, it is a shining example of a comedy which achieves every type of laugh from giggle to guffaw without descending to slapstick. It's intelligent, true to life, and terrifically funny, in its depiction of life in a young professor's household when the wife's old beau, the college football hero, comes back for the big game.

ACTING: Henry Fonda, Jack Carson, Olivia de Havilland and Eugene Pallette, in the order named, are responsible for most of the fun. Fonda as the liberal young professor who persists in reading Vanzetti's last statement to his class despite all opposition; Jack Carson as the brash ex-football player; Miss de Havilland as the practical young wife who is still not immune to romance, and Pallette as the rampaging regent play to perfection. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson, and especially the eye-catching Jean Ames as "Hot Garters," handle the young romance division.

Warner Bros.

Screenland Honor Page

High honors to "The Invaders," most stirring motion picture of this war

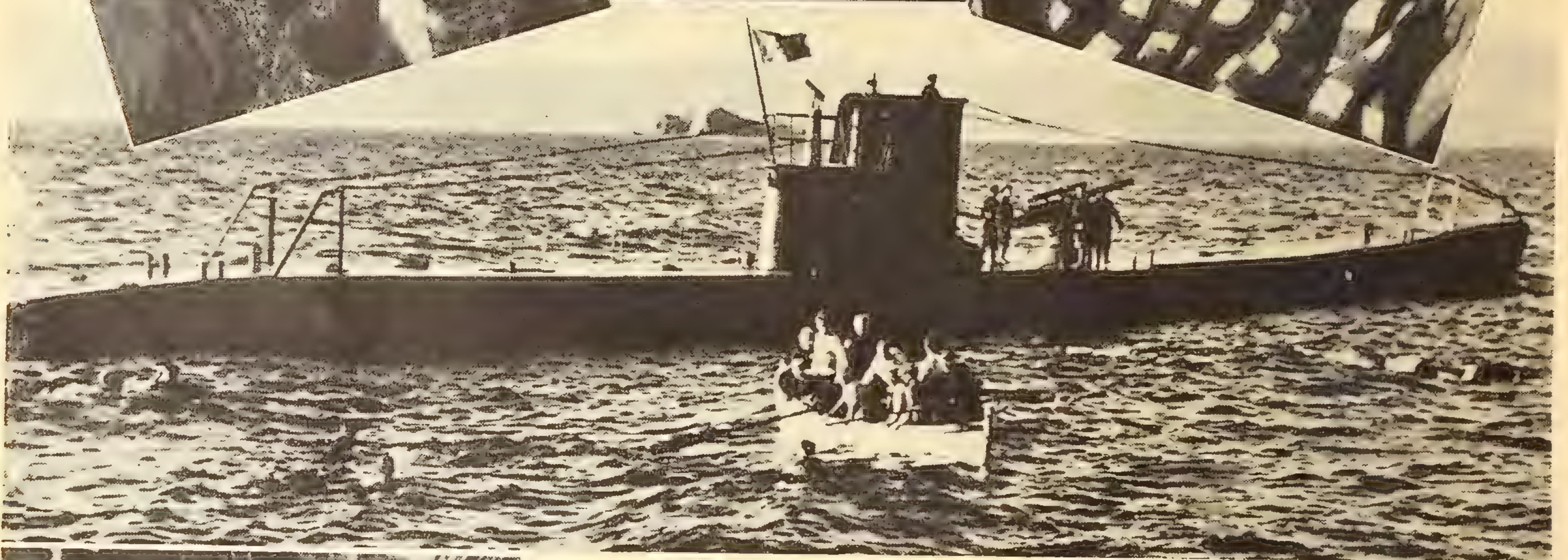
LESLIE HOWARD



ANTON WALBROOK



LAURENCE OLIVIER



Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Anton Walbrook, Raymond Massey, Eric Portman—fine actors give great performances in this exciting film picturing the invasion of Canada by a band of ruthless Nazis. "The Invaders" will thrill you, move you, awaken you to realization as no other war movie has done. It's a film you must not miss!



Filmed in Canada and in England, "The Invaders" is released by Columbia Pictures. Crammed with excitement from the first scene which shows Nazis landing from a submarine in Canadian waters, it is a series of spine-tingling episodes.



Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Anton Walbrook are shown in these scenes from this forceful all-star motion picture with its high purpose and potent message: The eventual triumph of the principles of freedom over aggression.

For that Spring-Lovely Look

POND'S TWIN BEAUTY SPECIAL



Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

● "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

● "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.



Free 28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.

Is True Love Just a Dream?

Carole Landis
with Victor
Mature in "My
Gal Sal" (20th
Century-Fox).
Carole uses
Jergens Lotion.



*Soft Hands hold
a Wayward Heart—
Carole Landis*
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

YOU can easily help keep your hands desirably soft, flower-petal smooth as Carole Landis does—by using Jergens Lotion. Helps prevent unexciting rough, chapped hands. Gives you almost professional hand care. To help common-looking rough skin to lovely smoothness, many doctors use 2 special ingredients which are in this famous Jergens Lotion. Never sticky! The first application helps you.

**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now—(Paste on penny postcard)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3936, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try Carole Landis' hand-care. Please send free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Girls! Keep Your Figures Fit for Defense Work!

Continued from page 20

hair-do Norma Shearer wore at Virginia Zanuck's party, and the superbly delicious sauce for cracked crab at the Ronnie Colmans', and that perfectly thrilling new nail polish Joan Bennett was wearing at the David Selznicks', and those exciting, simply exciting, ski instructors at Sun Valley, you really must take up skiing, darling.

By high noon these days, and we wouldn't fool you, the Hollywood women have washed dozens of cups and saucers, scrubbed floors, made bandages by the hundreds, and trussed up Hedy Lamarr so thoroughly at their First Aid class that it'll probably be weeks before Miss Hedy's blood circulates normally again. In the afternoon they work even harder than they do in the mornings, and at night, when they are just about to fall dead in their tracks they dash down to the Coast and serve coffee and cookies to the Army and Navy until the cold grey dawn. Nothing is too difficult for them to tackle, nothing too messy, nothing too exacting. They really work hard, these Hollywood women. (And we're sure that the women in your town are working hard for defense too.)

Well, naturally, the women of Hollywood—you'll be bopped right on the head if you call them glamor girls these days—can't do all this exhausting labor if their bodies aren't in condition. If they've been eating all the wrong things, those wonderful gooey things, then they'll puff over their dishpans at Fort MacArthur like the Super Chief coming over Cajon Pass. If they have extra-generous upholstery there is certainly no room for them in the smart up-to-date ambulances of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps. If they have that "spare tire" around their middle imagine their embarrassment when they become a "patient" at the Red Cross class, and Ann Sothorn and Rosalind Russell give up in disgust trying to find their floating ribs. And besides—we might as well break down and be feminine about this—a lady who in any way slightly suggests a stevedore simply looks like the devil in uniform.

Keeping fit is the order of the day. You're no good to your country in defense work unless you are in condition. We might as well face it. Slimness, now more than ever, is here to stay. Those dreary pounds (but weren't they fun putting on!) have to go.

The Brown Derby (there are really four of them now) is as much a part of Holly-

wood as studios, sunshine, and Cecil B. DeMille. So it was only to be expected that the Brown Derby should do something about keeping Hollywood women fit for defense work. Robert Cobb, the handsome and lovable manager of all the Derbies, called in a dietetics consultant—you know, one of those super-intelligent people who knows about calories and calcium and those most amazing vitamins. The two of them went into a huddle with the famous chef of the Vine Street Brown Derby. THE BROWN DERBY DIET was the result.

And THE BROWN DERBY DIET works. It has been tried by Dorothy Lamour, Betty Grable, Carol Bruce, Phyllis Brooks, and dozens of other Hollywood women (and Bob Young and Pat O'Brien and Stu Erwin, to drag in a few males). They followed it carefully from Monday through Sunday, with absolutely no nibbling on the side, and they all lost three pounds. And three pounds, please, is all you are supposed to drop in one week. More than that isn't healthy. If you try for more than that all kinds of dreadful things will happen to you, like acidosis, dizziness, jitters, weakness, wrinkles—really, you'll look like an old hag. And what's even worse, if possible, you will have the nastiest disposition this side of Brooklyn and lose every friend you have to your name. Seriously now, please don't try to lose more than three pounds a week.

Hollywood women have gone for this diet hook, line and sinker, though we really shouldn't mention anything as indigestible as sinkers in the same breath with THE BROWN DERBY DIET. On Monday nights you'll see Gracie Allen at the Derby munching celery and attacking her steak, fat trimmed off. And on Tuesdays you'll see Dottie Lamour, back from a most successful bond selling tour, pitching into lamb chops and string beans, and eyeing, but only eyeing, a chocolate éclair.

For those women who want to keep fit for defense work, but who cannot take their meals at the Brown Derby, for quite obvious reasons, with Robert Cobb's permission we print his popular BROWN DERBY DIET. No reducing diet should be undertaken without the authority of a doctor, so it's certainly all right with Mr. Cobb if you want to take this diet to your doctor and get his approval before starting it.

Well, kiss the pounds goodbye!



Distinguished group at party honoring Jean Gabin, left; A. M. Botsford, advertising and publicity director for 20th Century-Fox, and, right, Paul Hunter, publisher of SCREENLAND.



DURA-GLOSS *nail polish* *contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it sticks to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a special ingredient in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

3 New Colors for Spring

Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry



10c
(PLUS TAX)

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Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
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It's **DURA-GLOSS**
for the most beautiful
fingernails in the world



Defense stamps and bonds sold like hotcakes at the booth conveniently set up in the Warner Bros. studio commissary. Above, Lorraine Gettman has just sold some stamps to Dennis Morgan. These two popular players urge you to buy, buy, BUY bonds and stamps, too!

"I, Clara Lou, Take Thee, George"

Continued from page 25

"Palm Beach," he smiled, "any time before ground-hog day!"

Two hours of watching Ann shiver was all he could take. "Trains move too," he decided grimly, bundled her into a taxi, got her to a warm hotel, found there was a train out at eight P.M., engaged a room, ordered food sent up, and registered as Pat Watson. The clerk's bland stare managed to call him a liar.

Their four o'clock breakfast was broken by two phone calls. "Sorry, Mr. Watson, there won't be a train till seven in the morning. The storm, you know." George looked at Ann. Her lips quivered. Was she going to cry?

"Trains *don't* move," grinned Ann. So George grinned too, and ordered a room for Miss Gray, his secretary. Also would the clerk take care of accommodations on the seven o'clock? The clerk would.

Next time he picked up the phone, a feminine voice said: "Mr. Brent?"

"Who?!!"

"Oh, I know you're George Brent. Miss Sheridan's with you, isn't she? If you'll give me a little statement for the paper, I'll see you're not bothered."

He explained that he'd rather not. He explained why. In George's book, the Memphis press gets four stars. They kept mum.

Brent's no sleeper. If he gets four hours a night, he's doing well. So he took a couple of tablets to ensure some rest, turned in at six thirty and woke to a furious banging at the door. "Japs!" he concluded, a little confused.

The voice sounded American. "Come right down. We're leaving."

"Who's leaving?"

"The plane."

"Leave, brother." He slid back under the covers. "I'm crawling, not flying."

It took him three hours to get back to sleep, but from then till six forty-five all went merry as a marriage bell. He slept, he woke, he dressed, he had breakfast with

Ann, he paid the bill and asked for the train tickets.

"They're down at the station."

"But I thought—"

"We took care of the accommodations all right, Mr. Watson. But you'll have to pick the tickets up yourself. Oh, and here's a wire for you."

It came from Ft. Worth. It said that a brief case had been found, initialed G.B. It assumed that said brief case belonged to Mr. George Brent. They were forwarding it, however, to Mr. Pat Watson at Palm Beach. Kind regards.

Watson snatched Ann from the background into which she had melted, as per standing instructions, and they got to the station at five of seven. It was crowded with the military. A long line waited at each of the three windows. Nobody, including the ticket sellers, hurried. With each ticket, they supplied free conversation *re* weather and pheasant-shooting.

"How do you catch the train?" George asked a redcap.

"Very simple, suh. It waits."

Having shaken that one off, George steered Ann to a corner. She was to watch like a beagle and, the minute he had the tickets, duck out and join him. With George safely on line, the redcap produced a happier thought. The lady'd be bettuh off in the waitin' room. He'd stick by the genlman an' bring him back to the lady. "All right," said the lady, "but stick like glue."

So when George turned from the ticket window, looking for his bride to light like a homing pigeon on his arm, there was no Sheridan. No redcap either. He'd snagged another couple of customers. By this time the boys had spotted Brent. They rushed him for autographs. With soldiers on his coat-tails and wrath in his eye, he made four round trips of the station, scribbling as he went. Then he spied the porter.

"Where's the lady with the bags?"

"Hidin' in the waitin' room, suh."

"Hidin'," he told her as he scooped her up, "is a good idea."

They rode forever through Tennessee and Georgia. The snow turned to rain. George bumbled about Florida, the sunlight, the miles of hibiscus, the fishing trip they'd take. In Florida, it wouldn't rain. When would they get to Palm Beach, he asked the conductor. The conductor wouldn't know. He didn't go that far. "Depends if they hook you on to the five o'clock or the nine-thirty at Jacksonville. Goin' bird-shootin'?"

"No—"

"Y'oughta go bird-shootin'. Fine pheasants round these parts—"

Could he maybe find out when they were due in Palm Beach? He'd try. They never saw him again. George thinks he went bird-shootin'.

At Jacksonville they were hooked on to something-or-other. It was still raining. Next morning it poured. George apologized. "Think nothing of it," said Ann. He promised it would stop before they got to Palm Beach where, according to the porter, they were due at eleven. George had wired his sister to go ahead with the wedding arrangements for that evening.

At twelve they were still in the canebrakes. George sent for the porter. "What is this?" he inquired with the calm of despair.

"Well, Ah tell you, suh, Ah thought we wuz on the othuh train—"

They got in at three-thirty. It was pouring. George's nephew, the real Pat Watson, met them with news that the brief case had come.

For Ann the worst ordeal lay ahead. She tried to be nonchalant, which is difficult when you're petrified. What had gone before was a picnic, compared with the drive to China Harris' home.

They call George's sister China because somebody once said she looked Chinese. She's the widow of Sam Harris, until his death the best-loved man on Broadway. George adores her. George's secretary adores her. Ann had heard her praises sung and thought, "That's swell, she'll be charming to me, but Brent's her only beloved brother, and I'll know the minute I see her if it's charm with an edge."

China couldn't wait till they got out of the car. She reached a hand in to each, then leaned over to kiss Ann. It took just a minute, as the latter had foreseen. A weight rolled off her heart, and China had increased her string of adorers by one.

Ann had counted on time in Palm Beach to buy a wedding gown. As it was, China'd had some dresses sent out. None of them was right. "Looks like you're going into a rumba," snorted Connie Talmadge. "Take it off. Put this one on." As China's close friend, Connie was one of the guests, the other two being China's lawyer and his wife.

In the bags she'd sent ahead was a champagne tulle Ann had never worn, yards of lovely skirt and a tight-fitting bodice. They finally dressed her in that. Over her head they draped a mantilla of Chantilly lace, ivory with age. Reporters dreamed up the pretty fiction that it had been her grandmother's, but the fact is prettier. It was a gift from George.

She came down on the lawyer's arm, floating tulle and old lace, velvet gardenias and orchids, and a face to match. But she didn't feel poetic. Her hands were clammy. She was terribly grateful to the lawyer for holding her up. She wished it were over, this slow pacing to the wedding march, everyone facing her, waiting for her. There was George in his white dinner jacket, with Pat beside him. Dead-pan he looked, but his hand was as clammy as hers when they touched.

"Do you, Clara Lou, take George—"

"I do—"

SMOKING MEANS INHALING. INHALING MEANS YOU NEED

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All smokers sometimes inhale. But—your throat needn't know it. Here's a vital difference you may not know exists. Eminent doctors compared the leading favorite cigarettes . . . found and reported that:

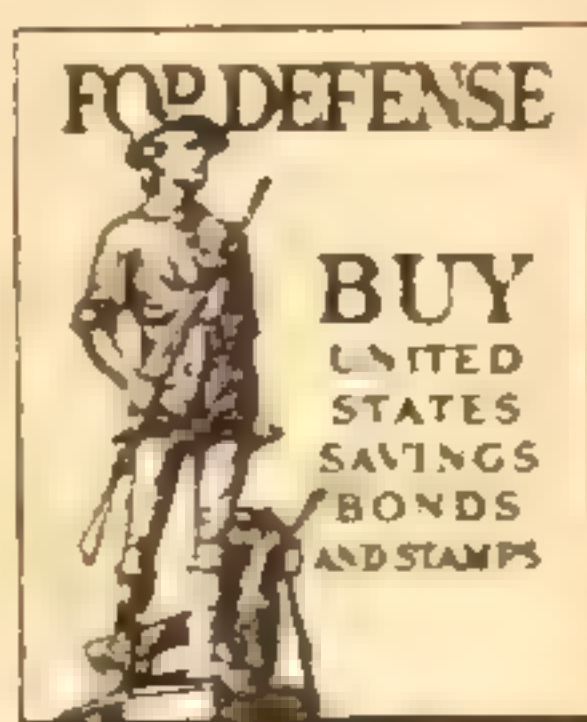
**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS
AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND
THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS
LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

That's *proved* protection—*exclusive* with PHILIP MORRIS—*added* to your enjoyment of the finer-quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. No worry-about throat irritation . . . even when you *do inhale!*



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

**AMERICA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE**



"Then repeat after me—"

I won't remember it, she thought wildly, and only when she realized he was saying it two words at a time so she couldn't miss, did she stop quaking.

George was putting the ring on now—a double diamond band, linked by pear-shaped diamonds. For a long second his jittery fingers couldn't get it past her knuckle. She fought down an impulse to help him.

Then it was over—all but the kisses and cake and champagne toasts. George drank one to his bride, though he hates the stuff, calls it bum seven-up. Somehow a couple of photographers sneaked in, and the spirit was such that no one had the heart to throw them out. And George carried Ann across the threshold of the cottage China had prepared for them. And it rained.

It rained for two and a half days. They wired the studio to find out how much time they had. The studio wired back that Ann would be needed on the 12th for "Shadow of their Wings," Brent on the 16th for "Gay Sisters." "So what shall I do?" he demanded. "Send you on ahead? Look, why don't we go back to La Quinta, where at least the sun's shining."

By some mix-up, the black coat she'd worn on the way down was packed off in Ann's trunk. In Chicago it was eight below, so Henry, George's valet, suggested she wear his coat, he'd keep plenty warm running around with the bags. If you saw the pictures of Ann taken in Chicago, you saw Henry's coat—a good-looking affair, though a little long for style.

At San Bernardino the boys turned out in force—press, studio and Danny, George's Kerry Blue, who indicated his pleasure in the whole thing by jumping on Ann and washing her ear. They had three days at La Quinta. Gwennie and Rita, their secretaries, were on hand to welcome them home. "Hey, you did that once," squealed Ann, as George picked her up to carry her in.

"This is a new place. I have to do it again!"

For the time being, they're living at George's house, since his lease has another year to run. Ann wasn't planning marriage when she bought her place at Encino, so they'll have to wait till priorities permit the building of additional quarters.

As everyone knows, they didn't enter marriage lightly. Both had been burned before. Both were aware of the hazards—perhaps too aware. Ann had assumed obligations—the house she'd bought, people who worked for her—which she felt she had neither the right to drop nor unload on anyone else. Their tastes didn't meet at all points. Ann liked to go out. George didn't. In the end, they discovered that none of these things mattered enough to keep them apart.

George had been misquoted as saying he hates people. It's crowds, not people, and he doesn't hate them, they scare him. He's shy of strangers. This, he says, may sound like nonsense at his age, but remains a fact. He's not anti-social. He likes having people around whom he knows well, people he can relax with, whose interests he shares. To waste time and effort on social patter for its own sake seems to him folly.

On the other hand, if Ann wants to go out, he goes. Only she doesn't want to. Ann, who used to count that night lost which wasn't spent dancing, says now: "Oh, we go out often enough—once every six weeks." There's no mystery involved but the mystery of happy marriage. Annie looks radiant these days. She always did. But the serenity in her eyes is something new. "Can't even get myself a glass of water," she grumbles. "I'm a pampered darling, and I love it."

Because of makeup and hairdo, she must be at the studio by seven. George gets up first and turns on the heat. She hates to think of food till it's set before her.

George orders the meals, and started the innovation of lunch at home. "She used to sit in that green room at the studio, entertain every visiting fireman that showed, swallow a chop and work all afternoon with a lump in her chest. Now she eats in peace, with nobody knocking her out of her chair."

He calls her Red and Tex and Piyute. She calls him Keoki—Hawaiian for George—and Don José, a gag started by their director friend, Lloyd Bacon. After dinner, he reads aloud from the paper while she knits Army sweaters. Or they turn on the radio for war news and political forums. Their dinner guests are Danny and Amos, the poodle, who yaps his head off when George puts his arms round his wife. "It's the French in him," says Brent.

Since they've both worked steadily since getting back, they've been out only twice—to Cesar Romero's housewarming, and to a dinner given by a friend in their honor. As a special treat, "Kings Row," was shown after dinner. This embarrassed Ann. Till then George had never seen her on the screen. She chattered all the way home to ward off comment. At last he got a word in. "About the picture—"

"Don't tell me what you think."

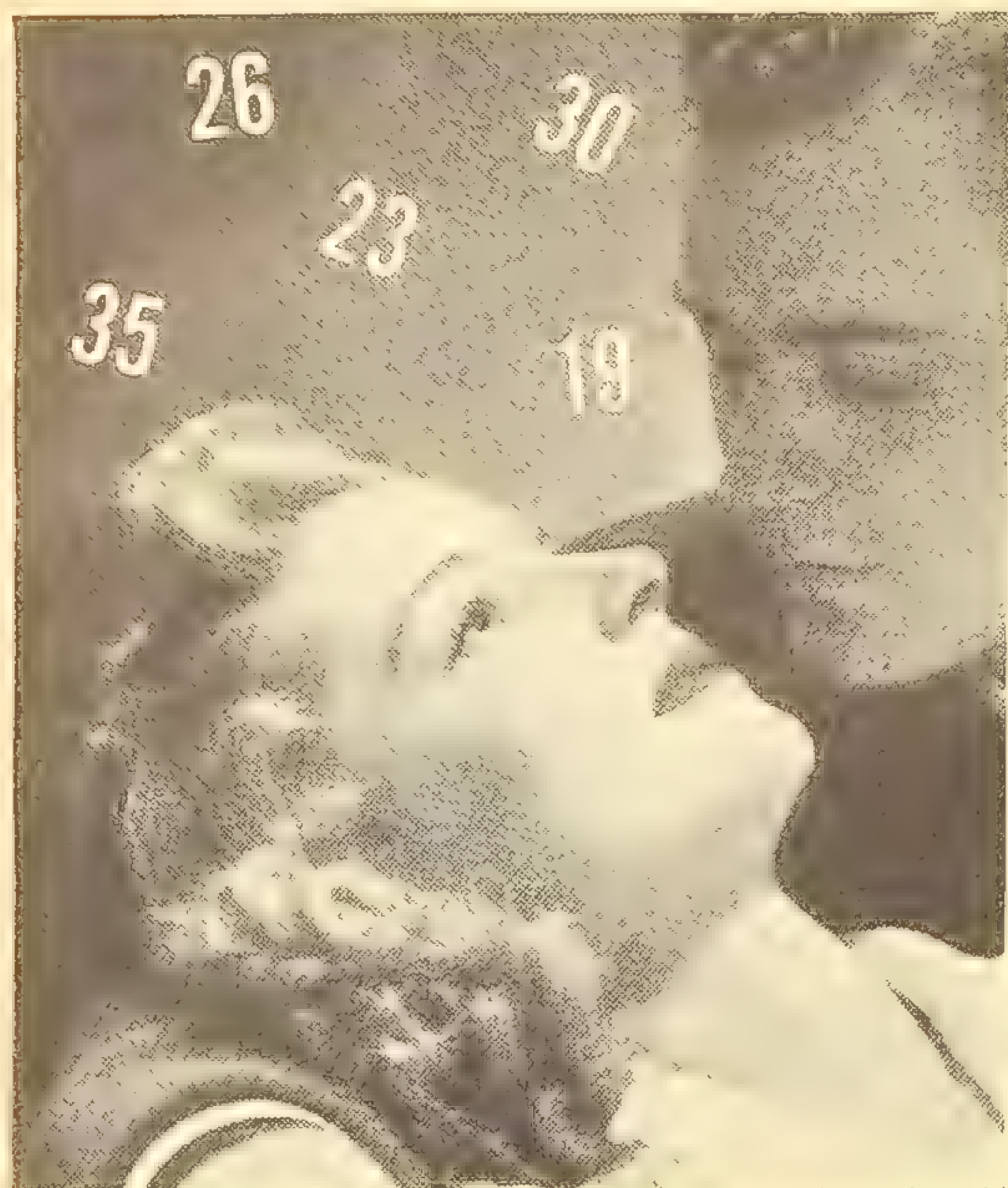
"I think you're photogenic," he remarked.

She gets a bang out of ASB on her notepaper, and she thinks Ann Brent is a lovely name. As for the more significant aspects of marriage—"If I'd known it was going to be like this, I'd have done it long ago."

Like what? She wriggles. Ann's no slinger of gush. "Oh—the friendliness, the warmth, the companionship, the nice feeling that you're needed. Even if it's only to be spoiled, still you're needed."

As for George, he can't get home from the studio fast enough. Which is understandable. Sheridan, knitting in a corner of the sofa with the lamplight on her hair, is no bad thing to come home to.

He'd Never Guess Her Age!



New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *today!* Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way—blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer, smoother by far than ordinary powder. That's why its shades and texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, (78)
7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also
a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I en-
close 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

How I Conquered Foolish Fears!

Continued from page 28

flight was probably, "What's the fuss? It's no more than she or any other wife should do." Nor was it.

You would not know, of course, the story behind that hurried cross-country flight. That it was Bette's first. That with it she conquered a deathly terror of flying which had haunted her insanely for years. Nor could you possibly estimate the shining victory that relatively minor event meant in her life. But then you may have forgotten that beneath her screen glamor, Bette Davis is human after all. That, even as you and I, she is cursed with useless fears and phobias, complexes and blown-up bugaboos that have and occasionally still do make her miserable.

"I've just learned a lesson," Bette told me the other day across the luncheon table. "And for the hundredth time," she added, a bit sheepishly. "Foolish fears are the most poisonous things in the world!"

It was hard, off hand, to associate any fear, foolish or otherwise, with Bette Davis. Except maybe fear the priorities board might shut off the supply of brass Academy Oscars. She is bright, aggressive, alive every minute and always bursting with beans. But I have learned that when Bette Davis makes a statement she can usually back it up.

"If I were a man," continued Bette, "I'd like to be a psychiatrist. I'd like to find out how silly, ingrown terrors start and how to banish them. I can't think of a more worthwhile job in the shaky world today. There's enough real danger without imaginary mental goblins. Foolish fears shatter happiness and ruin careers. They destroy health, warp minds, breed failures, and take all the joy out of life. They cause more torture, uncertainty and despair than anything else in the world.

"I don't mean," Bette hastened to state, "that one air-plane trip did give me years of mental misery. That I finally tossed it to the winds was just an incident, a small thing. But in my life I have been ridden and seen my friends ridden by phobias originally every bit as small. That's the absurd thing about fear complexes—the worst mental monsters usually spring from the tiniest trifles."

Bette reflected moodily for a minute. "I've never told anyone this," she began. "That's the trouble, when you nurse silly fears and complexes the last thing in the world you want to do is tell them. If we only had sense enough to tell them and get them off our burdened minds, they'd probably vanish, like germs brought into the sunlight. I don't know why that's so hard, but it is.

"When I was a small girl, I went to the Boston theater once to see Thurston, the magician. It was a gala occasion and I'd stuffed myself unwisely with lobster for lunch. In the middle of the act, I lost all interest. Dizzy spots danced before my eyes and in a minute I was a violently sick little girl. The experience was humiliating enough, but to make things worse, the lady sitting next to me wasn't a very understanding sort. In fact, she bawled me out in no uncertain terms, for all the row to hear. I crept out of there sick, hurt, humiliated and certain I was the most disgusting creature alive.

"Right then a useless, absurd, but powerful phobia seized me and all my life I've had to fight it. I still do, not nearly so often as before, of course, but it's still lurking around. I'm afraid to be in any place where escape isn't handy. I'm afraid I'll get sick. I've felt that terror strike coldly more

times than I can remember. When I've been on stages, in audiences, on trains, at parties, or just in city crowds. I think it's probably what fabricated my absurd terror of air-planes. I've never been physically afraid. The thought of being high in the air, the consideration of a crack-up never bothered me. Nothing nearly so valid as that. It was the silly, picayunish fear of—getting airsick in a closed plane. When I thought of that I trembled with imaginary mortification.

"Most foolish fears are every bit as trifling in origin and facts," reflected Bette. "But to the person they afflict they're terrible, invincible nightmares often quite capable of ruining all happiness and hope, even life itself."

Bette told me about two girls she had known. Both were inordinately tall. Both were extremely self-conscious about their height. Both were beautiful and intelligent. Everyone liked them—but they didn't like themselves. One managed to overcome the silly worry about her tree-top figure. She became a famous fashion and artists' model. She had an important New York career, married well and now has a family. But the other girl stewed and brooded about her long legs (she was perfect in every other department) until her mind actually became unbalanced. Pretty soon she lapsed into melancholia, there were suicide trysts—and finally one of them took. A tragic twist to a foolish fear.

"It exasperates me," said Bette almost angrily, "when I think how idiotic fear robs people of so much happiness, so many friendships, so much opportunity to live. Take any small example. How many people are terrified at horses, scared of the water, of mountain slopes? How many have reason to be? Horseback riding is a healthy, thrilling sport. So is sailing, so is skiing. None are really dangerous. How many mothers have ruined their sons' chances for popularity, strength and friendships by forbidding football? How many children, incidentally, have lived on through nervous, intimidated lives of fear because of a million over-cautious, parental 'don'ts'?

"Think of the adults who have gone through life feeling guilty about almost everything normal they did. Think of children forced to nurse their childish tragedies out of all proportion and into a complex,



Anne Jeffreys and Marian Rosemond, above, two former Powers models, play rôles of twin brides in "I Married An Angel," film which co-stars Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

because they didn't dare to 'tell their folks.' Thank goodness, I could always tell my mother everything that happened to me—no matter what it was. That's one thing I've always thanked her for. Of course, that didn't keep me from building scare-crows of my own.

"No girl is satisfied with her looks, for instance, and I was no exception. All of us could still easily order a remodeling job if we had the choice. Like every other girl I went through stages when I firmly believed I was a complete mess and a frightful apparition to behold. Every girl born, I suppose, has worried about her looks. It's agony—but it's all right. It's normal. It's only when the worry turns into a poisonous fear so that it destroys every capacity for enjoyment that it becomes an evil, menacing thing.

"Once," said Bette, "I knew an elderly woman almost seventy. She was—and this is hard to believe—in mortal terror of growing old—at seventy, mind you! As a girl and a young woman she had been very beautiful. Instead of making her happy, her beauty ruined her life. She grew aghast at the thought of losing it. As she grew older, she devoted every minute of her time, all her intelligence, every thought in her head to staying beautiful. She lived in constant terror of being seen ungroomed. If any tiny thing happened—a skin blemish, a sleep wrinkle, anything—to mar her beauty she shut herself off from all her friends. She spent tortured hours daily working over her face, her figure, her hair, her clothes. She became a complete slave to an absurd fear—that someday some one would say, 'So-and-so isn't as pretty as she used to be.' Which, of course, they did anyway.

"Her life became a vacant room and she an introverted eccentric. She never really lived because of that absurd complex. Even in her advanced age she refused to go to bed at night until she had prepared every detail of her beauty toilette. Why? Because the phobia had developed until she was actually afraid she might die in her sleep and be found—dead but unbeautified!"

Bette shook her head sadly. "The point is," she said, "so many of us worry so much about what people think of us, when we'd all be surprised how little people are thinking about us. Then too—I suppose it springs from egotistical human nature—but all of us regard ourselves as very special cases, as particular persecuted people fate has picked on to blight with something or other. If we could realize that everybody else is in exactly the same boat! No one is perfect. No one else expects perfection.

"The tragic part of useless worry is that you waste valuable hours stewing miserably which could be devoted to accomplishing things. I know writers who fret themselves sick about their work instead of working. I know actors who worry about parts until they're too exhausted and nervous to do a good job. They defeat themselves. Hollywood is one of the most chronically terrified towns on earth. That's why picture people are haunted with nervous breakdowns and ulcers. Fear can do terrible things to you physically, as everyone knows. Worse than that, it can bind you with chains of despair."

Bette is vitally interested in people, and I discovered that she has almost a doctor's shrewdness in diagnosing and filing away case histories.

"I knew a woman in this town," Bette recalled, "who was miserably unhappy with her husband. He was rather a bad egg and there was no earthly reason for her putting up with him. Only she was afraid to cut loose. She was convinced she was a social pariah and would surely fail to make a living anywhere because—think how silly this is—she had a prominent nose! Behind the



Gown courtesy of Kalmour

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"Make-Up" RINSE

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There aren't many glamor girls who can radiate so much of the stuff once labeled "oomph," as can that gorgeous starlet, Adele Mara. But we don't have to sell her to you—just examine this picture of her. She's appearing in "Shut My Big Mouth," typical Joe E. Brown laugh film.



nose, which was quite like millions of others, the woman had an artistic, intelligent and capable brain. All she had to do was banish a foolish fear and she was certain to free herself and live happily. Fortunately she had a friend who ferreted out the trouble and took her in hand. The friend took her on a tour of Los Angeles. Every few seconds she pointed out people with large noses, big ears, crooked teeth, knock-knees—and any other defect she could notice. The moral was so evident it was funny. The minute that neurotic lady started laughing at herself, she was all right. She found courage to leave her husband and now is a very successful business woman.

"The remedy for foolish fear all comes down, I think," mused Bette, "to forgetting yourself and turning your interest outwards—away from yourself into others. All successful people in public life have had to learn to do this. Actors, particularly, would all be cases for sanitariums or one mass of lonely Garbos if they didn't learn quickly to forget themselves.

"Of course, I don't believe actors who say they have never suffered stage fright," scoffed Bette Davis. "Stage fright is simply a natural panic induced by exaggerated concern about yourself. Even veteran actors get it and probably always will. But most of them have learned to turn their thoughts away from themselves and into their audiences. Else they wouldn't be veteran actors. For it's an actor's job to be perfectly under control at all times.

"I have been panicked and dismayed often," Bette confessed. "The reasons have always been foolish. When I first came to Hollywood, I'd go home from public appearances upset, worried and complaining to myself, 'Nobody seems to like me.' After a while I realized I wasn't liking them enough. Then I told myself, 'You silly fool, stop worrying about yourself and you'll be all right.'

"Public figures are always shied from by people who meet them. The temptation is to shy away right back. But if you do, you're only making things worse for yourself. You turn your thoughts to how you're acting and you usually act pretty awful, like a *grande dame* or something equally artificial. If you can forget yourself and interest your mind in the people around you, you immediately are yourself. It's easy enough then to be a generally charming, likable and interesting person."

When Bette flew to her husband, in Min-

neapolis, she stayed with him for ten days in the hospital. Hospitals are another long cherished phobia of hers. The antiseptic, sterile atmosphere frightens her and the thought of disease and suffering automatically suggests escape. In fact, when she greeted her husband, "Farney," as she calls him, knowing her terror of both airplanes and ward rooms, he grinned weakly at her, "Well—" he said, "if I ever had any doubts about you, Darling—I don't need any more proof than this!"

Bette was surrounded with all kinds of sickness and suffering. Surgical cases were wheeled past her door constantly. A man died in the room next to her. A woman across the hall lost a baby. She knew if she stayed there brooding about all the sickness and agony she would soon be a case herself. So Bette went around visiting the sick people. She had to force herself to do it. But it worked. "At first," Bette confessed, "I thought I'd faint, until I realized, 'you're only thinking about your own feeling, Davis. You're feeling sorry for yourself, not the patients.' She visited the children's ward, the lady with the still-born baby, a girl who had been in an accident, trussed up with a broken hip.

"She lay there with weights on her legs, her body in a cast," said Bette. "She had been there four months and she'd be there four months more. When I thought of the agony she was going through, I thought at first I couldn't stand it. Then I knew I wasn't thinking about her, but myself. When I transferred my thoughts away from myself to her, I was not only able to cheer her up but I helped myself, too. I conquered my fears. I don't think I'll ever feel afraid of hospitals and sickness again.

"We can always do what we have to do," Bette believes, "and in the last analysis it's always up to no one but ourselves. People with unreasonable fears are lucky if they can go to some understanding or scientific person for help. But not everyone can afford professional advice, for one thing. For another, the advice is worthless unless the will exists to banish the phobia. I visited a doctor once about my unreasonable terror of getting ill in crowds. He told me to seek crowds and force myself to mingle with them. I did it and it was torture, but it helped. I had to do it myself, though, else the prescription was worthless. Each fear you face and conquer yourself leaves you a far stronger, greater person and helps you go on to conquer another one.

"Of course sometimes a terrific emergency arises to force you into the thing you fear most. That, in a way, is the luckiest solution possible. It doesn't always happen, of course, but when it does, the terror is lost in the urgency and the thing you fear is surprisingly simple, easy, even pleasant to conquer. Apprehension is always twice as devastating as the reality."

"I don't think there has been a day since I came to Hollywood that the spectre of flying hasn't haunted me. Air travel is almost a necessity in this time-pressed business. For years I have dreaded with real physical nausea the day some emergency would force me aboard a plane. When it finally came, I never thought about it."

Fate couldn't have cooked up a more adverse set of circumstances to lure Bette in the air nor set a more ominous stage for her first long flight. She was in the middle of a jinx picture, upset before by the unfortunate nip a testy Scottie took at her nose. She hadn't slept for forty-eight hours before the doctor's urgent call came from Minneapolis. It arrived at ten in the morning, saying Arthur Farnsworth was critically ill with pneumonia, temperature 106. Bette flew away that evening at six.

There were no regular airlines flying that night. Weather conditions were abominable—the worst for flying in months. Snow and sleet curtained a low ceiling everywhere, Albuquerque, Wichita, Chicago. Into this witch weather, Bette climbed, tossing about like a pea in a rattle. She wasn't airsick, she wasn't scared.

"In fact," smiled Bette, "I was elated. And I've been that way ever since about air-planes. Almost like a reformed drunkard, I've been trying to convert everyone else. The day after I flew back, two air-planes crashed, killing thirty people and spoiling one airline's six-year safety record. I pointed out to everyone who'd listen with facts and figures that the tragedy still left air-planes the safest mode of travel."

"That," she added, "is probably the most wonderful thing about useless fears. They all can have such happy endings when they're finally beaten. There's a vast sense of victory which is the most satisfying thing I know of. I don't mean to compare my puny experiences with anything so big and important, but I do understand now how Londoners feel after coming through the awful Nazi bombings of last year. They feel swell. They feel like a team that's just won a football game. They're proud. Before the actual ordeal is when London went through its hell of apprehension."

"Real fear, of course, is a necessary emotion, and a natural method of self-protection. If we had no fear at all we'd die pretty young. But I can't think of one fancied fright that doesn't hold out rich rewards when it is finally, completely junked."

"In my case this reward is particularly great. My husband, 'Farny,' is a flyer. His business is aviation. I've never gone up with him and he's never suggested it. He knew if I ever defeated that phobia I'd have to do it myself. But now I can have a common interest with him. I can enjoy being with him where he best likes to be—in the air."

"On my deathbed I want to be able to say that I've lived my life to the fullest, taken advantage of every opportunity presented me and kept cheerful and courageous with no self-created Frankenstein monsters depriving me of the full joy of living that is my right and everyone else's."

"President Roosevelt wasn't thinking about petty phobias when he said, 'All we have to fear is fear itself.' But what applies to our world at large applies quite as well to our own small lives. Foolish fears are poisonous. I'm giving them up!"

"I was a Wife in name only"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS
HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING
HER "ONE NEGLECT"



1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.



2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."



4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I happy!

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GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle, safe for delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali) yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact. SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution searches out germ-life deep down in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

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Look who's laughing now! And it's no wonder. That tank helmet Linda Darnell is trying on Joe E. Brown fits kind of quick. This bit of fun, left, took place while the stars were visiting the camp at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, with USO Camp Shows to entertain the boys. Lower left, Fluffy, the soldiers' mascot, reciprocates by entertaining Linda.



Curvacious Diana Mumby, right, plays a showgirl in Republic's "Sleepytime Gal."



Here's Hollywood

IT WAS a long, heart-breaking struggle. But Hedy Lamarr's mother finally reached this country. When Mrs. Keisler got off the train, she surprised her famous daughter by speaking perfect English. However, she doesn't always understand it—especially the way it is spoken in Hollywood. For example, she complained to Hedy: "Why are you always saying 'Oh brother'—when you *haven't* a brother?"

SUSAN ANN GILBERT retains her name but legally gets a new father. He's J. Walter Ruben, married to Virginia Bruce, who was once married to Susan Ann's own father, John Gilbert . . . Eddie Quillan, one of the best comedians in the business, forced to open a bowling alley to eat. Hollywood producers should hang their heads in shame . . . He's in such demand, Gene Autry is introducing his "Flying Rancho Rodeo" . . . Tony Martin in uniform, doing a swell job of recruiting men for the U. S. Navy . . . Passionate Pola Negri back in Hollywood, looking for a movie job . . . Bette Davis interrupting her vacation to sell \$30,000 worth of Defense Bonds in Rutland, Vermont, home town of hubby Arthur Farnsworth.

CARL ALSOP, the inimitable husband of the inimitable Martha Scott, tells this one on his wife. When it became time for Martha to go to the hospital (she had a seven-pound boy) she refused to take along a suitcase carrying her things. Instead, Martha insisted, the houseboy could drop it by a little later on. Carl couldn't understand *why* they should wait, especially when it would be so simple to take the suitcase along right then and there. Finally, he pinned Martha down to an answer. "If I don't take it," she explained, "then I won't feel so conspicuous walking in!"

HERE and there and in your hair: Richard Travis and Jeanne Cagney, looking like they were made for each other, dancing on a dime . . . Robert Cummings beaming and admitting they're expecting the patter of little feet . . . Strange sights in Beverly Hills: Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper on a bicycle built for two . . . Betty Grable and George Raft burning the midnight oil but it's not what you think. They're reading scripts like mad because they want to act together . . . Sad-eyed Clark Gable back on the set. Name of the picture is "Somewhere I'll Find You."



Left, comedienne Judy Canova, all dressed up in lace stockings 'n' everything, ready to sing the *Barrel House Bessie* number in her starring picture "Sleepytime Gal."

By
Weston East



Above, Penny Singleton and baby Norma Jean Wayne in "Blondie's Blessed Event." Above right, Joe Strauch, Jr., a miniature Smiley Burnette, gets a piggy-back. Joe apes and dresses like Smiley in "Heart of the Rio Grande," Gene Autry movie. Right, when you see "My Favorite Blonde," Bob Hope-Madeleine Carroll film, look for Bing Crosby. He got in a scene when he wandered on set.



THIS is how Hollywood rumors get started. A local columnist printed that Jean Parker and John Howard were having a heat wave. Now Jean happens to be happily married to Doc Dawson. John Howard is having steady dates with a girl who *looks* like Jean. But she happens to be Mary Brian. Evidently Mary and Hedy Lamarr have the same taste in men. After Hedy and Reggie Gardiner called it a day, it was Mary whom Reggie turned to. And very lucky for him. Now it's John Howard and Mary. Hedy and John have been singing *Thanks For The Memory* ever since George Montgomery took over all Hedy's spare time.

BY THE time you read this, Louis Hayward may be in the Marines. Unlike Burgess Meredith and Jeffrey Lynn, who are in the Army, Louis thinks he will make a better soldier on land *and* sea.

BERT DE WAYNE MORRIS, JR., and Miss Patricia Ann O'Rourke are now man and wife. All of which means in Hollywood that Wayne Morris (now an ensign in the U. S. Navy) and Pat Stewart have finally done it. Amusing highlight on the wedding was this: Wayne was so nervous when he got around to kissing his bride, he went at it like it was a movie closeup. They almost had to yell "Cut" to stop him!



Hollywood's best bet for good taste

Wally Westmore is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."

Hollywood's and all America's best bet for *better* taste is Pepsi-Cola . . . finer flavored and pure all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today . . . a Pepsi-Cola.

*Purity...in the big big bottle
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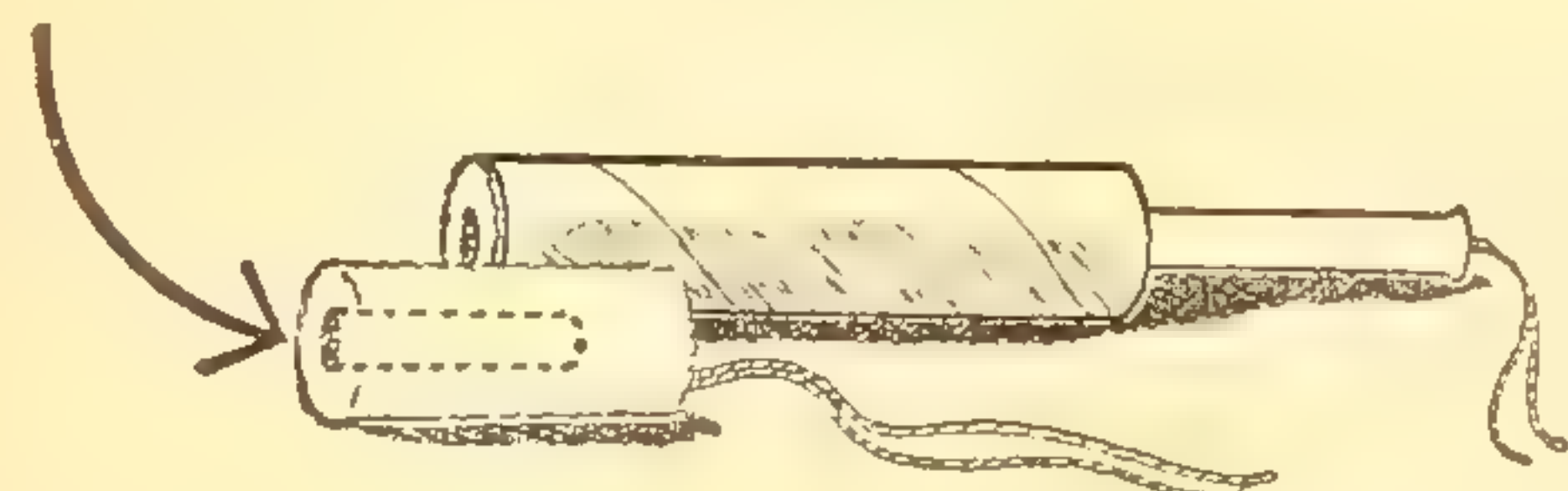
A few years ago, the very thought of tampons was startling—today millions of women know they make sense. Every month, more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. So don't be timid—but do be wise! Choose a tampon that's *right* for you.



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Meds



The Modess Tampons

RAY MILLAND was talking to Gary Cooper shortly before he won an "Oscar" for his performance as "Sergeant York." "I don't suppose it would mean a great deal to you," said Ray. "But I think you deserve the award and I sure hope you get it." Gary looked serious, blinked his eyes, gulped, and in typical Cooper style replied, "Oh, I'd sure like to get it, all right." Then he waited a few seconds. "But I'd sure hate to have to go up after it!" he mused.

CESAR ROMERO'S first (and his last, he vows) big party was enjoyed by everyone *but* the host. In honor of his sister visiting Hollywood, "Butch" really knocked himself out planning the whole thing. The Brown Derby catered under a huge cellophane tent erected in the back-yard. There was a five piece orchestra, complete with portable dance floor. Jack Benny, by the way, walked in, took one look and exclaimed: "You deliberately hired an orchestra *without* a violin when you knew I was coming!" Only at a Hollywood party could you find such intrigue. Loretta Young, now Mrs. Tom Lewis, sat next to her one-time boy friend, George Brent, now married to Ann Sheridan. Irene Hervey, now married to Alan Jones and formerly Bob Taylor's big moment, nodded (and not too eagerly) to Barbara Stanwyck. Joan Crawford brought her knitting in a pillow case that was plainly monogrammed JCT (Joan Crawford Tone). Madeleine "Fieldsy" Lang was there because Carole Lombard would have been the last person to want her dearest friend to sit home and mourn. Anne Shirley, sad-eyed and lonely, dropped by late in the evening. So did Tyrone Power, who had worked until midnight. He needed a shave and in his dinner clothes the contrast was pretty exciting. When the first high wind in three years suddenly sprang up and blew down the tent, Cesar all but ran screaming out into the night. No one else minded it a bit. They just moved into the house and kept right on dancing!

ERROL FLYNN might just as well put a "For Rent" sign on his bedroom door. His favorite room in his house is his library. So he put a large double bed in it and there he sleeps. Comes in handy if he wants to get to one of his reference books in a hurry!

JOAN FONTAINE'S acting in "Suspicion" won her an "Oscar" for the best performance of the year. But there aren't any statues being given for her popularity with her co-workers on the sets. Joan herself is reported to have said they disliked her so much out at 20th, they wouldn't even drink the Coca-Colas she bought for the troupe. There's a story making the rounds that Tyrone Power gave Charles Boyer and Ronald Colman a preview of what "histrionics" they may expect when they work with Joan. True or false, there's no denying that Olivia de Havilland's little sister *can* act. What's more, she's always had good scripts and fine directors to help her prove it—except when she was Queen of the B's at RKO.

ALMOST greater than the interest in the Academy Award winners this year, was the problem of what the ladies were going to wear. On account of war time conditions, formal attire was ruled out. Just-below-the-knee cotton dinner dresses were quite in evidence. Linda Darnell wore a black and white one. Ann Sothorn's outfit was a cotton gabardine dinner dress, buttoning from throat to floor hem. Instead of an ermine or mink wrap, around her shoulders Ann quaintly wore a modernized version of an old-fashioned cotton shawl.

GENE RAYMOND has received a commission as a first lieutenant in the air force combat command. Gene has been an aviation enthusiast for years and holds a pilot's license.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT shells roared while powerful searchlight beams swept the heavens! The report of unidentified aircraft gave Hollywood its first horrifying taste of what war can really be like. The blackout lasted five hours. But even in the face of near-tragedy comes an amusing story. Patsy Kelly was driving down the coast, after making a radio appearance with Bob Hope at Camp Roberts. When the alarm sounded all traffic came to a halt. Patsy hid in a clump of bushes with some soldiers. She didn't get home until eleven o'clock the next morning. Patsy had told the boys so many jokes to amuse them, she couldn't speak above a whisper!

SEVEN straight years with no options, reads the new contract Warner Bros. presented Humphrey Bogart. For being a good boy, is the reason. With the possible exception of Robert Taylor, Bogey's new deal is the only one of its kind in these tough times. The Bogey man of the movies only asked one concession in return: "Please don't make me play romantic stuff with dames!" he pleaded.

FREAK accidents seldom happen in front of the camera. But Priscilla Lane got conked on the head by a microphone, while making a picture at Universal. She tried to be a good sport about it. Later on, it is said, they discovered she had a mild concussion. A few days rest and Pat was in there pitching again!



Watch for Fay McKenzie when you see the new Gene Autry picture, "Heart of the Rio Grande." Fay is known as the Camera Appeal Girl.

Call It "Good Taste"

Continued from page 16

before you purchase, so that everything has a definite rôle, that it is smartness-suicide to buy something just because it is a bargain or so pretty. In other words, you ought to go about buying as you would in making a budget—if you can! Brenda believes we have never known a day when bright colors are so beautiful, so very right and so varied that there is some sparkling tone for every type. Make-up solves the dress color problem for everyone, from the white-haired to the fiery red-head. Brenda's favorite colors are black, white, beige and red. Some greens could be good on her, but the blue shades are out, because her own brown tones are so beautiful.

Some sidelights on this young person seem in order. It is obvious from her appearance that her mind works in clear, orderly fashion, and this she also evidenced when she said: "There are a great many calls on a Hollywood person's time. One is always being asked to appear at this or that function, for this or that cause. And this I truly like to do if I can only know in advance and plan for it." Ah, that touches a chord in us all. If we could only know and be prepared. And we just can't. But the game isn't lost by any means. There is some groundwork in good looks that is almost infallible. It sounds prosaic but it will make you look awfully pretty when the need for your utmost in prettiness arrives. This is a day of sudden dates, of blind dates on the up-and-up, so let the flash of a uniform be a signal to you to be ready for any emergency. The girls are marrying so fast it is impossible to keep track of who is who. Romance is blossoming, diamond rings are

flying thick and fast. It's the emotion and urgency of war. But we're getting romantic when we should be prosaic and down to business!

Get yourself organized. There's a quota for your bonds and stamps (and are the girls coming through!) and there's a quota for your wardrobe and your make-up. Decide just what costume or costumes will give you the utmost in appeal and good, long wear. Maybe it's that navy blue with white touches and a saucy flower hat. Or maybe you'll choose a grey suit and a simply irresistible red sailor. Whatever, buy with an eye to pleasing the boys as well as yourself. Men don't really know what they like in a woman's clothes, they only know when they like her in them. With warm days ahead, you may as well make up your mind that you have to keep on closer terms with your tailor and dry cleaner and with your soap flakes and basin. You had just as well right now make a date weekly for each—and keep it. If you are one of the girls in a uniform, then go frivolous and feminine (still in good taste) for your hours out of uniform. Fill the evening hours with real glamor by both being and looking different from day. Dress up evenings as much as you can. Maybe this might have appalled "him" when he drifted around the old verandah in slacks and sports shirt, but never in uniform! The uniform goes anywhere as correct evening dress.

Brenda has us only started but the page ends. You carry on from here. Good times and good looks and good taste go together. They are any girl's recipe for doing her

part in a purely feminine way. And more than often a sidelight is the engagement ring and its successor, the wedding band. You help more than you know by appeal in person and personality. You are the relief from grim war; the personification of the ideals, love and home for which men give their lives.



Phyllis Ruth rates your attention now, but she hopes to win more for her work in "The Fleet's In," so be sure to watch for her on the screen.

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Should A Woman Pay the Check?

Continued from page 31

Which
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Glamour TYPE

A dramatic, colorful personality such as yours calls for vivid, exciting colors in costume and accessories. Best nail-polish shades are the deep, exotic Dr. Ellis Burgundy, Congo Brown and Toreador!



Career TYPE?

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*S.S. and G. TYPE?

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can do it without making the fellow feel uncomfortable. Any girl who is really interested in a boy should be glad to go where he can comfortably afford to take her.

"There is only one alternative, and it's the only one I have ever used, for I feel a man wants to pay the check at all times. In my group of friends, occasionally three or four of us girls will decide to go to the beach or to a roller-skating rink. But when we make such a decision, we tell the boys very definitely that we will pay our own bills for the evening. They usually try to argue with us, but we stick to our guns. Going Dutch isn't so bad—provided it doesn't lead into a continual state of the girl paying for her check and boy paying for his. No man will remain interested in a girl long if that keeps up."

"What about the twenty-one-dollar-a-month men in the armed forces?" I asked Linda.

"They are almost more sensitive than other men. They don't want a girl to rub in the fact that they make only twenty-one dollars a month. They'd rather spend every cent than have a girl pay their check. But this can be avoided, too. A girl can invite a soldier to her home for dinner and then let him take her to a movie. If she wants to, she can always find ways to give him and herself a good time without his spending a lot of money."

"Speaking of soldiers and the war, I think more girls should put into practice what might be called the 'Defense Fund.' The idea is simple. Once a week, every girl should turn down a date. Instead of going out, she should invite the young man to her home for dinner with the understanding that the money he would have spent on entertainment be placed in the girl's Defense Fund. She, in turn, should match his money with what she might have spent on other things. The combined total should be used to buy Defense Bonds."

Betty Grable was shaking a couple of mean hips over on the set of "Song of the Islands" when I managed to talk to her for a few minutes. Of course, Betty is going with George Raft now, and George is hardly the kind of person to let a girl pay a check, but don't forget that la Grable has been plenty popular with the gents for a long time.

"I've never been invited out by a man who didn't have enough money," she said to me frankly. "Not that I only went with wealthy boys. But I've worked hard for my money and I like the feeling of responsibility and independence it gives me. Well, if I feel like that, think how a fellow feels. He has twice the pride and sense of responsibility that a woman has. He is the head man—or so he likes to believe."

"Frankly, the only man who deserves such consideration from a girl—the only man whose check a girl should pay—is the fellow who has gone into the armed forces to serve his country. It should be her duty then to take the boy out and do it first class. Not enough girls in the country are considering the men in our armed forces. Lots of us are still too interested in following our own peculiar codes of womanly independence. We forget we owe them consideration."

Next, I caught up with Dorothy Lamour. "Dottie," I yelled with all the tact of a steam-roller, "are you paying any man's check now?"

She looked at me as though I had suddenly lost my mind. I explained to her as subtly as I could what I was after.

"Shall I be philosophical or practical?"

asked Miss Lamour before stating her views. "Make it practical."

"In that case, I'd say that no girl should pay her own way—and definitely not the man's. If, however—"

I waited for the qualification. I never knew girls were so anxious not to offend a man's ego.

"But if she is sure of the circumstances, it's all right," Dottie added.

"What circumstances?"

"No smart girl need ever find herself in the spot where she has to pay the check. If she likes a man and he hasn't an edge on the U. S. mint, what's wrong with her asking him to her home for dinner?"

"But what if she hasn't a place of her own to entertain him?"

"Well, almost every girl has a girl friend who is able to entertain at her home. Then, why shouldn't the girl and her friend get together and invite the boy to dinner? The two girls can share the expenses involved. So, you see—the girl should never have to pay the check when she goes out with a man."

"But what if she is engaged to a fellow—what then?"

"If a man and a girl are going to be married, I don't see any harm in her paying the check. After all, she can get her money back with interest when she is married. Tailors haven't stopped making pockets in a man's trousers."

Thinking that over, I sought out Michele Morgan, the sensational new star of "Joan of Paris," and found her alone for a change. We talked about the picture for a while, and then I began the barrage.

"Michele, you're French," I observed—oh, so astutely.

"I beg your pardon," she said quickly. "I am practically a full-fledged American. I already have my first papers."

"Well, then, what do you think about paying a man's check?"

"A woman and her ideals are the same in any country if that's what you mean. So the situation is the same. Suppose a woman and a man were out to lunch together. And suppose they were discussing business. In such a case, where it's practical and platonic, a woman can very easily pay the check without bringing about a crisis. But when five o'clock rolls around, it's a different thing altogether. At five and after, a woman is supposed to assume her more glamorous aspects. She is supposed to become intriguing. And she definitely drops her business personality. Well, she can hardly have glamor or intrigue any man if she allows herself to pay the check. She had better close her purse when the clock strikes five."

"There is one important qualification now, though. With so many of our men in the armed forces, a girl has an even more difficult problem to meet. If she is asked out by any man who is serving his country, it is her duty to see that he doesn't spend too much on her. In fact, she should really foot all the bills—if he will let her. She can keep an eye on his finances in such a case and still retain her own independence."

On this matter of dating men in the armed forces, I think Phyllis Brook's solution very good. She has thought up an organization known as Parties Unlimited, a group that entertains service men twice a month. The number so entertained is about 150. But when it comes to one man instead of 150, here is her idea: "Go to inexpensive places. And remember, every time he takes you out it's your pleasure to invite him to your place or to take him out

How Do You Like Your Love?

LOVE SCENES in movies reflect situations in real life. Screen Guide for May shows the greatest and most interesting love scenes Hollywood has ever produced; shows why they were true to life; why audiences loved them—and remembered them in their own affairs. This is love as you'd like it—a thrill seldom seen in a magazine!

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SCREEN GUIDE

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two and three times. A simple ratio of 3 to 1. And it works."

I've always liked Carole Landis. She's a frank person but sincere. I caught her on the set of "My Gal Sal." It wasn't long before I realized that even though Carole likes men, she was the last person I should have seen to talk to about a guy with an empty wallet.

"I think it's ridiculous for a girl to pay the check! It's not only embarrassing to her, it's embarrassing to her escort. I'd never pay a man's check under any circumstances."

"Not even if you were in love with the guy?"

"Most certainly not then. Love is based on respect, and how can a girl respect any man who lets her pay his—or her—check? And how can a man respect a girl who does? He should see to it that he's far-sighted enough not to put a woman in such a position. And he shouldn't think that their love is enough to make such a situation okay."

"If a man can't afford to take a girl any place, and if she understands his financial condition, what's wrong with the two of them sitting at home listening to records, going for a walk, or having a hamburger?"

"This may seem hard-boiled, but I've found that it works. I've never paid a man's check, and, as a result, I've not only flattered a man's inherent ego—his lord of the house idea—but I've kept my own—and his—self-respect."

Priscilla Lane is just about the most career-minded person in Hollywood today. So much so that she recently broke her engagement to John Barry. I felt that she might have some ideas on this paying the check subject, since she is such a definite-minded person. She was on the job in "Arsenic and Old Lace" when I found her.

"I can't imagine any date important

enough for a woman to foot the bill," Pat answered my question firmly. "Women today are pretty independent. Certainly Hollywood women are. And why shouldn't they be? They should, therefore, observe conventions—conventions which, by the way, men have established for themselves. Sure, some may say that the situation itself is so important that it warrants a violation. But when you come right down to it, you won't find many situations that important."

"Going Dutch isn't too bad, and if a girl is really in love with a man and he hasn't much money, I suppose it's all right for a girl to pay her own way. But take my advice and never be the woman who pays and pays. It doesn't pay!"

Equally insistent but on the other side of the fence was Susan Hayward, the fiery tempest of "Reap the Wild Wind." Susan spared no spades in giving her views.

"Certainly a girl should pay the check," she said. "Why shouldn't she? It's time we girls got over the idea that the world was fashioned only for our benefit and that men must shoulder all the responsibilities. In these days, we should be more than willing to help the men, especially since they are being called upon for so many sacrifices."

"As for the men in the armed forces, it's poppycock to think that their pride would be hurt if a girl paid their check. Their \$21.00 a month doesn't go very far, and every girl owes it to them to dish out for their benefit."

"But service men or no service men, no girl is going to lose her independence by paying a man's check. And she certainly won't lose his respect. We've already lost a lot of respect by thinking that men, despite their circumstances, owe us everything while we just can't conceive of the possibility of our helping once in a while."

Alexis Smith, who was working on "The Constant Nymph," had the same idea as Susan. She and Craig Stevens, her admitted heart-beat, are probably the most democratic couple in Hollywood. And Alexis certainly feels that girls are expecting too much from the men.

"I fail to see how any harm can be done by paying a man's check occasionally," Alexis said very definitely. "We girls thrive on independence, and when we can afford to pay our own way and maybe his at times, we are simply gaining more independence. We've talked too much about being able to handle our own problems and being our own bosses—and yet we are continually being dependent upon men, just because some custom has so decreed it."

"Just because a man thinks that he must run things as he has always run them is no reason for girls to think they must continue to abide by such rules," Alexis said firmly. "When two people are in love and the fellow isn't as well equipped financially as the girl is, I think she should be more than glad to share the expenses for their good times. If she and the fellow understand each other well enough, there is no cause for embarrassment. After all, there is such a thing as being practical. I'd never feel embarrassed if I paid a boy's check—and mine, too. Not if I cared for him. Of course, if it were just another date, then I'd say the girl would be a fool to pay the check."

"This talk about pride, honor, and convention doesn't mean a thing when love is involved. What's such a little thing as paying a check matter to two people who share the same feelings?"

"We girls mustn't forget one thing—the men who are serving our country are giving up a lot. The very least we can do is to dip into our purses occasionally and lend a hand."



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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

in succession. Anyway—boy! do they get into scraps over that game? Your own side is ready to beat you up with a mallet if you miss a tricky shot."

Fibber, in case you don't know, looks so heartbroken when serious that it's like break of day when he smiles. Probably a trouper's trick, but a swell one. You feel as if it's Christmas when you win that smile. Molly (whose right name is Marian) looks like the kind of neighbor you wish you had. Her eyes are as blue as the deep blue cotton dress she was wearing. Daughter Katherine, who had just electrified the household by getting herself an audition at NBC and grabbing off a nice little part in a radio serial, looks like her mother and she's as attractively shy as girls used to be in the heyday of *Alice Ben Bolt*.

Barbecue meals at the Jordans' are never the same. "Sometimes we have steaks, sometimes chops, sometimes hamburgers," Molly informed me, "then we serve a salad—mixed green, fruit, or some nice crisp French bread spread with garlic butter, and homemade ice-cream and cake."

"Other times we go in for oven dishes—baked pork and beans, with spiced fruit, watercress salad—spaghetti, or my special tuna dish. Corn soufflé is a grand hot dish to serve with little sausages or bacon, and my folks can handle quite a few hot cakes."

A salad that has its points is Romaine and canned asparagus, cut up and garnished with strips of pimiento, served with a good thick dressing that has chopped olives in it.

A delightfully rich dessert is composed of bananas, sliced lengthwise, spread with thick strawberry jam, a little butter and brown sugar, and lightly broiled. The Jordans don't broil this at the barbecue pit, but in the kitchen. Why don't you try it tonight? It's wonderful!

The barbecue pit consists of a fireplace, an oven set in a bricked wall, a roomy pit and grill on one side, and a sink with running water and plenty of working surface, on the other. Molly likes to use the oven for her pork and beans which are concocted from a sacred recipe presented to her on her wedding day.

MOLLY'S BEANS

2 lbs. Great Northern white navy beans
1½ lbs. pork loin
1 cup brown sugar
Salt
Pepper
Soak beans overnight; drain in morning, then boil in fresh water for ten minutes. Drain.

Place seasoned pork loin in center of roasting pan, spread half the beans around the meat, sprinkle with salt, pepper and ½ cup brown sugar. Spread rest of beans around and sprinkle with salt, pepper and ½ cup brown sugar.

Put enough hot water in the pan to make the beans float. Place in very slow oven for 5 hours.

Do not stir. Leave pan uncovered. When water boils, add more hot water.

The barbecue oven also comes in handy for spaghetti and to keep the tuna dish hot. The tuna dish is something different and can be served as a whole dinner by any housewife who would save time and yet have something interesting.

TUNA DISH

1 can Campbell's cream of mushroom soup.
1 can Heinz peas

1 can flaked tuna
Potato chips

Put peas, tuna and chips in alternate layers in your casserole, pour soup over them, cover with broken chips and bake in oven until hot through and brown.

"I like to serve spiced fruit with any creamy dish like spaghetti, tuna dish or beans," said Molly, "so I always keep a variety on hand. Spiced figs, prunes, apricots, pears, peaches—sometimes a section of baked orange—makes a welcome addition to each plate. We use grapefruit marmalade with piping hot biscuits with such dishes, too. It has a slightly bitter taste and the only time I care for it is when I want to cut that too-smooth taste."

Molly's corn soufflé is very simple to make and simply delicious.

CORN SOUFFLÉ

1 can Del Monte cream style corn
3 eggs
Salt and pepper
1 cup milk
Bread-crumbs

Beat the eggs lightly, pour into corn, add milk, salt and pepper, mix and put in buttered casserole, cover with bread-crumbs and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes, or until well-browned.

Making ice-cream is Fibber's delight. He always wants vanilla, so it's usually vanilla, but now and then one of the kids breaks him down and they get peach or strawberry or chocolate. This is the basic recipe:

FIBBER'S ICE-CREAM

1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups coffee cream
2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla

Scald milk, add sugar and salt, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add cream and vanilla. When cool, turn into freezer and grind until frozen.

It was Fibber's idea to turn the small frame cottage on the place into a playhouse. The big Colonial house is lovely with its formal living room, its entrance hall with graceful stairway and old grandfather clock on guard at the foot, its dining room, kitchen and breakfast room, sunny bedrooms on the second floor and den beneath,



Jim Brown and Barbara Britton, the romancers in "Out of the Frying Pan," have found a new use for tennis rackets. We don't recommend it.



Donna Reed and Dan Dailey, Jr., new movie team, above, will soon be seen in "Mokey," with young Bobby Blake as the title rôleist.

but it's not a background for an informal party. So the Jordans knocked out the partitions in the five-room cottage, waxed the resulting spacious floor into dancing slickness, installed a minute but complete kitchenette at one side to balance the bathroom and dressing room and storeroom, and equipped it with refrigerator, electric stove, monel metal sink, electric coffee maker, and closets filled with gay pottery dishes, supplies and soft drinks.

There's a fireplace at one end of the playhouse, with a hearth rug made from one of the great black bears the Jordans—father and son—shot on their recent Alaskan vacation trip. The furniture is comfortably upholstered, but light to handle—an item when you want to get dancing space in a hurry.

Fibber, whose hobby is carpentry, has made half a dozen small tables that collapse and can be stacked away in little space, arranged to hook into wall fasteners around the room. Each table will seat four, and Molly has made quaint checkered cloths for them in red, blue, green and yellow.

The playhouse is full of games, but Jordan guests usually make up their own, love to play charades or act. They have a music game that is good for any crowd with a sense of rhythm. Someone knocks out on wood a few bars from an opera, an overture, the current Hit Parade or anything else he chooses, and the rest guess, the quickest guess scoring. The most simple thing to knock out on your chair arm is tum-tum-te-tum of Lohengrin's Wedding March, but the Jordans and their guests choose something more complex.

Again, they pantomime an illustration of some song. I think it was Molly who wowed a party with her interpretation of Jim who never brought her pretty flowers.

Oh yes, sure, they show home movies! "But only if the people at the party are in the pictures," said Fibber. "Who cares to look at films taken by amateurs unless there's something personal in them? You can get a boot out of seeing yourself walking around the room but who wants to watch his hosts and their pals circling the globe? 'Tain't human nature!"

With a great deal of self-restraint, therefore, the Jordans will not be showing the movies of their Alaskan trip, even though young Jim *did* bring down two deer with a single shot, and can—and did—shoot from either shoulder and get two black bears, one right after the other!

If you suffer "Periodic" distress from Female Weakness

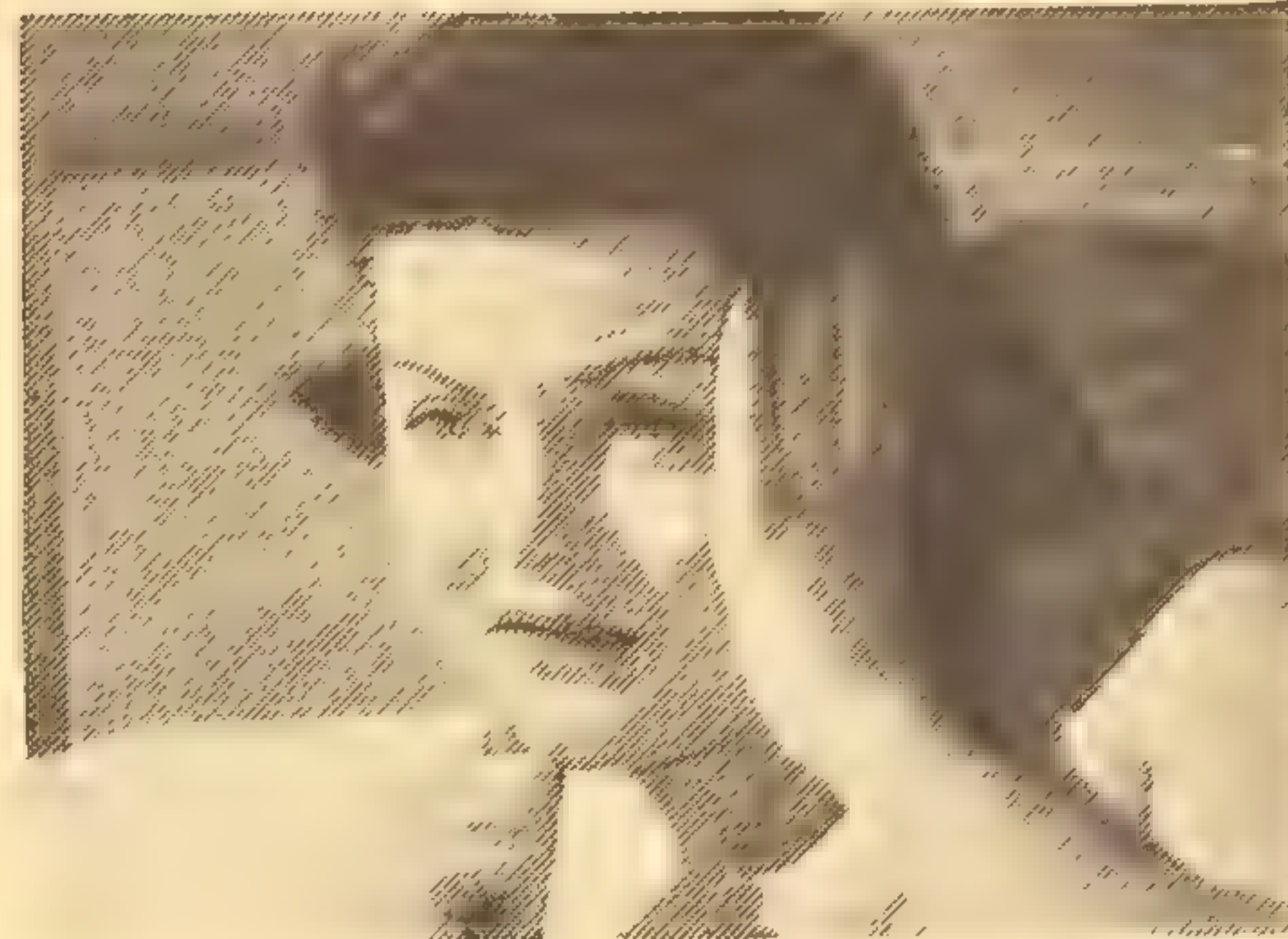
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Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands*," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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Yours for Loveliness

Advance thoughts for Mother's Day, bridal showers and prospective sweet girl graduates now boning up

SPRING Morning! That's the new fragrance of an inspired group of bath beauties by Bathasweet. There is the famous Bathasweet, wonder water softener, which we formerly had only in Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine. And there's Bathasweet Bubbles, for a luxurious bubble tub; and Bathasweet Shower Mitts, plump cushions of terry cloth filled with powdered soap, wonderful for a real friction shower. And the grand soap, sculptured with violets, looks good enough to eat. All in pink, enchantingly sweet and delicate.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN is an art collector as well as a great chemist, and here she blends both artistic and scientific skill in a truly charming box of Mexican inspiration. It's hand-done, snowy white with bird and flowers in Cochinelle, a brilliant, flattering semi-pink, newest Spring make-up tone. The box holds a Cochinelle lipstick of a satiny sheen and texture, compact rouge, nail groom (lacquer) and waterproof mascara in glassine case, convenient for carrying. Gift thought #1. All who see it, covet box and superb make-up.

THE Early American Old Spice creations pull at our heartstrings now and then. They're frankly sentimental. Take the Token Box sketched, for example. It's so undeniably American—Independence Hall decorates the box top, which you can't see, and padded picture frame is just the size for your favorite snap of that man in uniform, to say nothing of spicy toilet water, talcum, soap and sweet pillow sachet. Later, the box will hold your trinkets, etc. From sixteen to sixty, any creature in skirts will adore this. So nicely priced, too.

ALEXANDER KORDA'S production of "The Jungle Book," by Kipling, and featuring Sabu, is the *raison d'être* for some good-looking scarves by the Edgar C. Hyman Co. We sketched "Elephants on Parade," a twenty-six inch square of spun rayon, gorgeous about head, neck or hips. It's vivid tomato red and green, a regular bit of siren snare, if you ask us. There's another colorful Malayan jungle scene that somehow invites conversation. The scarves are original, gay, pleasantly priced. Found in department stores all over the country.

"THE JUNGLE BOOK" also suggested some striking costume jewelry. This is by Rice-Weiner & Company, and we show you a bracelet and earring (there is also a necklace) resembling silver, turquoise and ivory in bizarre and beautiful design. And there is our pet, an ebony black native beating a brilliantly enameled tom-tom designed to light up any lapel and bring the jungle closer to civilization. The jewelry inspired by this picture all bears an Alexander Korda tag. In department stores.

MOTHER'S DAY means perfume, and Irresistible has taken its two famous scents, Blue Waltz and Irresistible, and put them in some sweet, sentimental frills as tuck-in gifts along with Mother's bonds, defense stamps or nylons. This is just that little extra to touch her heart. Both are tidbits to look at, are sure to delight her day. The price, as you may know, does not hurt in the least, and you will find them in chain stores everywhere. Irresistible!
Courtenay Marvin



Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

in a defense plant and I know how other men feel on this subject. I am voicing a protest which has been voiced many times before, and which perhaps some day may have an effect upon the movie make-up departments.

With a few notable exceptions (any movie-goer knows who they are), we poor men cannot tell one actress from another. They all look alike, their hair, their features, their clothes, spell perfection—but perfection does not touch our emotions. A few years ago, I had the good fortune to hear Mary Martin in person sing her famous song, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. No, Mary wasn't pretty, but she had a peculiar exciting way of putting that song across—a mixture of sex and naïvete.

Last night I saw her in a movie. Alas, she was just another movie doll. I was completely bored. She is only an example of what happens to most of them.

This dialogue took place one lunch hour between two men in the plant: "I'm tired, I think I'll drop into a movie tonight." "What's playing?" The first man named the picture. "Who's acting in it?" And then came the answer, "What's the difference? I can't tell one from the other."

And after seeing what the make-up department had done to standardize Mary Martin, I remembered that conversation, "What's the difference? I can't tell one from the other."

MELVIN ROSENBAUM, Jamaica, N. Y.

Why do the studios spend time and much money building up a star, making her into a glamor girl with plenty of oomph 'n' everything and then turn around and undo their work by showing said star as an old wrinkled woman?

We must all grow old of course, but I, for one, don't go to the movies to look at old wrinkled faces. I see several shows a week and have many favorites among the stars, but just recently I have had two good pictures literally spoiled for me because of this aging process before my very eyes.

First there was Merle Oberon in "Lydia," always a favorite of mine but after that picture I shall never be able to visualize her as the young, beautiful woman she really is, but the older woman telling her story of her four loves. And it doesn't display any acting ability to act old—it only shows the genius of the make-up man.

And just this week I saw "Remember the Day," with another favorite, Claudette Colbert, and in just a short time another glamor girl had gone—for me at least.

Maybe I am wrong, but when I pay to see beauty and youth it's disappointing to see it fade before my very eyes. There must be plenty of stories to fit these lovely girls without making the girls over to fit the stories.

BETTY TOLES, Denver, Colo.

Thank goodness we finally got to see Veronica Lake's other eye! The long hair was beginning to get on my nerves. For a time there I wondered if maybe she had only one good eye, that perhaps she only used the other one whenever she was haunting houses or playing nursemaid to Dracula.

"Sullivan's Travels," having received no Academy Award, should get a certificate of honor or a merit badge or something for daring to bring Veronica Lake out into the open and show movie audiences what an attractive, talented and personable young

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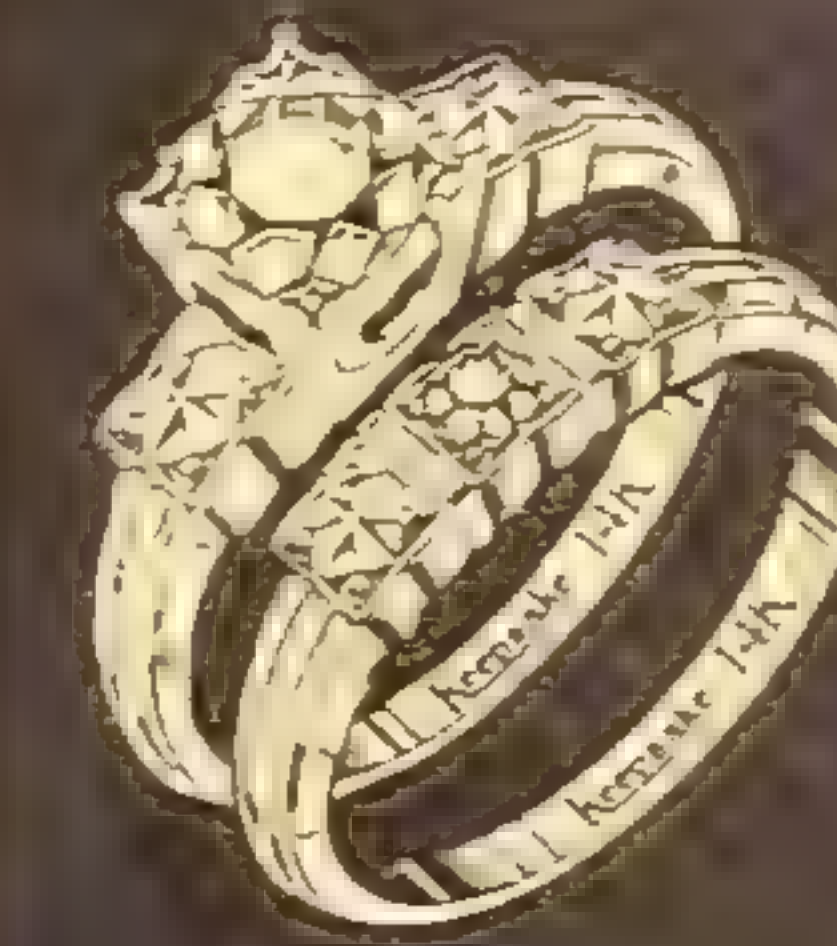
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woman she is. Preston Sturges not only writes and directs like a genius, but he also has sense enough to know that too much glamor is not better than no glamor at all.

T. N. PAPPAS, JR., Memphis, Tenn.

When men of the movie audience get audible sniffles, that's really something. But it did happen here at the showing of "How Green Was My Valley." I think it was because this was a "mature" movie that appealed to adult emotions. Somehow its sincerity and poignancy struck deep chords in the human heart. It was sort of like reading the birth, marriage and death records of the dear old family Bible.

I think people are moved by this picture because its drama reveals how truly great ordinary families are. They have to solve most of the conflicts of human history. They have to fight most of its everyday battles. They have to labor, to love—sorrow and frustration are their lot. Yet—what a clean, strong, valiant, beautiful and victorious fight it is.

I consider this a timely movie. Oh, no, it isn't a war picture. But the blackness and grimness that crept over the valley are today creeping over the world, and this conflict will be met with, and dealt with, by all the ordinary Morgan families all over the world, with humble and determined heroism.

MISS ALMA JOHNSON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here's an "Okie" who is getting fed up with the "cracks" and "dirty digs" we get in the movies about our state.

At first it was amusing. In fact, in "The Awful Truth," the type character Ralph Bellamy played was even funny because I had never seen such a character in Okla-

homa. But it has grown and grown until now you can expect any "hick character" or unfavorable remark to be pointed to Oklahoma.

The last straw came when I saw "A Yank In the R.A.F." If you didn't see it, fans—fine, but if you did we "Okies" would like to get a few things straightened out.

In Oklahoma we eat with forks, wear shoes, engage in other dances than the "war dance," yes! and we even have plumbing, which may be a surprise to a large number of people. We have a high educational system, good churches. We go to the movies—in fact, we are civilized human beings, which may be hard for you to believe after the conception you must have gotten of us from the movies.

We are a state in this great United States, and proud of it. We're also proud of our new state and the progress it has made and is still making. So let's devise some fictitious whereabouts or let some other state take the "beatings" for a while.

NEWTON EADES, Ada, Okla.

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This Guy Ford

Continued from page 34

from Central Casting or simply shooing him away on general principles when he moseys up to the main gate to try to get on a set. And him only the leading man of the particular picture!

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you can spot a leading man at a glance, even if you've never laid eyes on him before," the studio gendarmes tell you by way of explanation. "There's something about their look, their walk, and their talk. But this guy Ford. . . ."

They seem hard put for words. For my money, it's that old hat quality, that air of going places rather than of having arrived; that absence of strut, pose, or gesture; and that unwillingness to talk about himself that makes his behavior more like that of an extra rather than a star.

That he performs like a star is almost too obvious to need underlining. His fans range from Mickey Rooney to Joan Crawford and from Thomas Mitchell to Jean Gabin. They tell me that only the other day Victor Mature saw his first movie, a forlorn and forgotten B called "Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence," and sent him a telegram congratulating him on his performance. He is constantly being flabbergasted to learn that Miss Gwendolyn Gorgeous or Dolores Dumpydoodle spent fifty cents to see him in a picture when they could have seen Cary Grant for the same money.

I hope I'm not leaving the impression that this guy Ford is a Little Boy Blue who doesn't know from nothing. If I am, I hope that someone throws my Underwood out the window before I do myself in with my writing. If there is anything that Glenn Ford isn't it's a Patsy. Only the other day did I confirm that fact (for the ninety-third time). As follows:

On a Monday he dropped by and talked me into selling him a saddle I owned for the sum of \$25. It was a steal, but what can you tell a man who's got a yen for a saddle you happen to own, especially when he has none and you have three? On a Tuesday he was selling it back to my wife for \$35!

True, there are times when he isn't what you'd call a wampum wizard. As witness the morning when we were en route to location for "Texas"—a little late, as usual—usual with Ford. We were poking our way along at a mere snail's pace, to hear Ford tell it later, when a motorcycle vacquero drove up alongside, suggested that Glenn pull over to the curb, and promptly wrote him out a ticket for driving in some forbidden zone or other. The fine for the offense is standard: \$5. I would have paid it and got it over with. Not Glenn. It seems that he hadn't been using the zone in question.

"Tell it to the judge," the trooper suggested.

Glenn said it would be a pleasure.

Well, the case came up before the judge, all right. And Glenn won the case. Naturally he didn't pay the \$5 fine.

P.S. He did pay a lawyer-fee of \$75.

Anyone but Glenn would admit he'd been a sucker. "I was fighting for a principle," he maintains to this good day.

This "fighting-for-a-principle" conversation brings up an incident that happened last week. To fully appreciate the story you almost have to know the make-up of this guy Ford. Easy-going, soft-spoken, slow-to-wrath, tolerant, and level-headed, he is the last man on earth you'd expect to turn in such an out-of-character, but nonetheless vivid performance. The point is that for a long time Glenn had been

taking undeserved verbal abuse from the scion of a studio official who is no better nor worse than scions of studio officials tend to be. Well, on the day in question Glenn was passing through the department supervised by the junior earth-shaker when that mighty mite let loose with a topper to all his previous jeers and stings.

They tell me that Glenn turned white, said not a word, and took off for Brittingham's Restaurant where he generally eats lunch. He never finished that meal. Halfway through, he got up, hurried back to the studio with fire in his eye, hunted up his tormentor, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, dared him to say just one lone word on pain of semi-annihilation, went unchallenged, and departed. The next day the grips and gaffers sent him a telegram commending him for his deed. Script girls sighed. And the publicity department did double-takes all over the place and began brooding about a terrific campaign on "the new Glenn Ford."

This, to be sure, is an isolated instance of Ford the furious. It illustrates, however, an important point: He will take a stand, when the time comes, no matter who opposes him. Your average actor doesn't go grabbing scions of studio executives by the scruff of the neck, no matter how he'd like to. Self-respect is a luxury. There's the paycheck to consider.

A decade may pass before such an episode happens again. By nature Ford isn't a brawler, even though he is an expert boxer and fighter. He is fundamentally a man of peace. You can tell it the minute you step into the Ford living room out at Santa Monica. It is a large living room lined on two sides with book cases and overhung by a beamed ceiling. Above the radio hangs an autographed picture of the President. On another wall is his gallery of favorite people, four of the gentler sex and two of the less gentle. It is an open secret, although Ford will deny it vehemently, that he gets crushes on all his leading ladies. Be that as it may, Rita Hayworth, Margaret Sullavan, Claire Trevor and Evelyn Ankers are the ladies on display. All are former leading ladies except Miss Ankers. When Joan Crawford presents him a picture of herself, it's going up there, too.

Ford's Folly, as some of his friends call his house, is the Brown Derby, the Mocambo, the Public Library, and the Legion Stadium, etc., etc., rolled into one. Here he spends at least three evenings a week by himself. He's an insatiable reader, and the only reason that he doesn't read a book a day is that he's an actor, which means he can't lie awake until two or three and get up in the morning looking as fresh as a daisy. Mostly he reads with a musical background, preferably Debussy, Tschaikovsky, and Gershwin. He's not much on radio. He would be, though, if Bob Hope cajoled the air waves oftener. When he isn't reading or studying his lines for the next day, he's probably looking after his fan mail. Nobody in Hollywood, unless it's Joan Crawford, devotes more time to fan mail. He reads every letter, answers those that require an answer personally. He's kept every letter, two trunks full.

Hobbies? I don't think he has any hobby, although he gets mad when I tell him that. "What's wrong with collecting pipes?" he wants to know. "If the President can collect stamps, why can't I collect pipes?"

He owns, at last report, 103 pipes. Number 103 came into our life around Christmas. At least, that is just about the time Brenda, my wife, and I began to sense the true personality of that pipe. It was the strong, positive type of pipe, the escape-you-never model.

"Did you ever think of having that thing fumigated?" Brenda finally got around to asking Glenn.

Glenn didn't say anything. He just looked hurt.

He has a "collection" of guns (if you could call three a collection) a rifle and two pistols. He's a crack shot. He likes to pick off walnuts from our trees at fifty paces.

I suppose his most prized item—next to the autographed photograph of the President which he managed to wheedle when he visited Washington last year—is his badge making him a captain of police at Santa Monica. He's constantly yipping about Santa Monica and that goes double. Everyone in Santa Monica from Mayor Claude C. Crawford to the men who sweep the streets knows Glenn Ford. They should. I think he hammed it in every one of Santa Monica's Little Theaters, a baker's half dozen, to the tune of 100 plays or more, when he wasn't running errands for local merchants, painting fences, delivering telegrams, and minding babies for a quarter an hour.

Romantically, as far as I know, he's foot-loose and fancy free, despite the rumors. He doesn't plan to get married for three years, possibly four. It will take him all that time, he figures, to see that his mother has a home and is financially secure.

Lately, I notice, he's been seeing a lot of Evelyn Ankers, the beautiful blonde actress under contract to Universal. He tells me they are "merely good friends." I don't understand the "merely." Miss Ankers is a lady of looks, parts, charm, background, and talent. The "merely" is Glenn's way of scuttling the engagement rumors. The romance—I mean friendship—started in the old movie formula fashion, the tried and true boy-meets-girl method. As follows:

Glenn was halfway through his entrée one Sunday night over at Ella Campbell's Restaurant when he looked up and spotted her. She was sitting across the room with a lady who was apparently her mother. He was still looking at her two minutes later when Miles Mander, the English actor, and a friend of his dropped by the table. "Lovely girl, isn't she?" Mr. Mander said.

Glenn said it was very warm for May or something like that. And Mr. Mander went away chuckling.

Well, later in the week, Mr. Mander, a friend of Glenn's dating way back to Glenn's second or third picture, "Babies for Sale," called up and asked if he'd like to come along when he called on some friends of his for tea late that afternoon. Glenn said he'd like it fine. So they went calling.

Mr. Mander presented Glenn to the hostess who had a fetching British accent. She looked very chic. Also familiar.

"Mr. Ford, I want you to meet my daughter, Evelyn," she said a moment or two later.

It was the beautiful blonde who had dazzled him over at Ella Campbell's Restaurant a few nights back.

As of now, or so I hear, they rendezvous three nights a week. They listen to records by the hour, catch all the double features, and drive along the beach. They've never really done the town to this good day. They hadn't even been out dancing a single night until Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians checked in at the Blossom Room of the Hotel Roosevelt. I don't know how they happened to be there the opening night, but they were. And every single night after that as long as Señor Owens was in town. That is how it is with Glenn and his enthusiasms.

Mostly he doesn't like blondes or actresses, generally, although he has taken out once or twice Jinx Falkenburg, Judy Canova, Carmen Miranda, Michele Morgan, and, as I recall, Patricia Morison. When it isn't Miss Ankers (who, by the way,

presented him with that cornucopia pipe) it's apt to be either Mildred or Donna, two Santa Monica belles who work as secretaries. He likes them fine and again it's mutual. A couple of years ago he made a test with Lana Turner for the part that Jimmy Stewart later got in "The Great Ziegfeld." He never followed it up.

His personal habits and whimsies intrigue me. At last report the inventory of his finery read as follows: Three suits (top price \$90), a dinner jacket outfit (a hand-me-down affair), a set of tails (Cary Grant wouldn't be caught dead with them on), and a sport jacket. This fabulous sport jacket is the one luxury. Every once in a while when we get on the subject of economy and what's the use of it all, Glenn will look at me proudly and say, in the manner of an old philosopher: "You're right, Bill. You sure can't take it with you. Only the other day I stepped out and bought me a sport jacket and paid. . . ."

"Yes," I tell him, "I know. You paid \$65 for it. Only it was a couple of years back and not the other day."

Then Glenn and I both laugh.

The point is that Glenn Ford knows the value of a dollar. Lord knows he ought to. I have heard friends of his from down Santa Monica way tell about the days when Glenn was just beginning to feel the acting urge in him and had to hitch-hike—either that or walk—all the way from Santa Monica to Los Angeles because he didn't have the forty cents bus fare, round trip.

Glenn Ford has his impulsive moments. There was the time, not so long ago, when he fell in love with a beautiful necktie, French and hand-painted, in display in a store window near the studio. It was priced at \$5, and naturally it gave him pause. Nevertheless, every time he'd pass the shop, to and from lunch, he'd take a lingering look at the tie. You could buy a Tschai-kovsky symphony for \$5, he'd reason to himself.

Well, finally in a moment of weakness he bought the tie, admired it all the way home, couldn't wait to put it on. I don't remember whom he was seeing that night, Donna or Mildred. Whoever it was, she didn't like the tie. Maybe she even snickered. I don't know. All I know is that I've never seen the tie on him. I hear tell that he sent it to a colored fan who wrote in from the county jail at Tuscaloosa.

Then again there was the time when, bivouacked at Miami for the world premiere of "So Ends Our Night," he found himself staring at a poster advertising an over-night flight by Pan-American Airways to Havana and back. In his pocket was a telegram from the studio instructing him to leave Miami for New York on the five o'clock flyer the following afternoon—without fail. He eyed the poster longingly, pulled out the telegram, read, and eyed the poster again. When the plane took off late that afternoon Glenn Ford was a passenger. It dropped him off one hour later at Havana a little before twilight.

That night Glenn Ford will never forget for several reasons, but mostly because of a beautiful exciting girl named Elaine with whom he toured Havana, toured it so thoroughly that it was morning when he got back to the hotel and found that his plane was leaving in exactly thirty minutes.

A cab was parked in front of the hotel. Glenn jumped in, gave orders. So that in one minute with the automobile horn squealing like a wounded banshee he was racing for the airport. He got there in time to see the plane fade into the horizon.

Like frantic Glenn hustled around, found the manager of the Airways. Was there another plane leaving for Miami in time to catch the five o'clock flyer? Yes, Señor, there was. But, unfortunately, it was all



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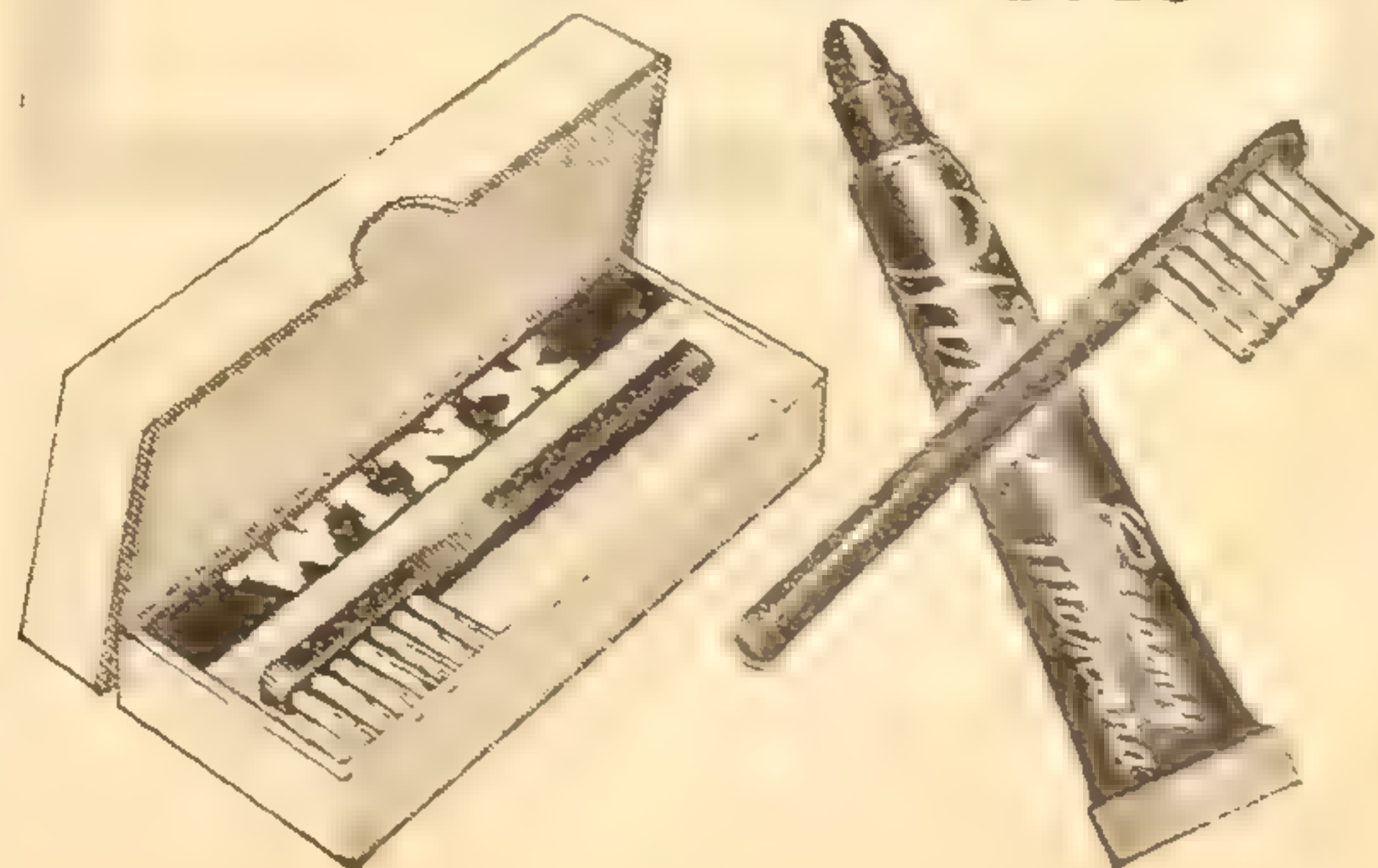
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booked up. Booked up? Impossible. Didn't the Señor know that he had to be on that plane or miss his train, a matter of life and death? The Señor was sorry. Very sorry. Am I dragging the story out? Did Glenn get on that plane?

He did. But through bribery. What he did was to promise the manager of the Airways the snazziest picture of Linda Darnell (one of those 11 x 14 jobs) that he could lay hands on as soon as he got to Hollywood. That did the trick. Only don't ask me how. P.S. The man got his picture, although Glenn has never met Linda. P.P.S. Don't ask me how.

As an actor he is no more of a stereotype than he is as an individual. His technique, for one thing, is all his own. It is hard to describe. In some ways it is like Paul Muni's and in other ways it isn't. He has the dramatic power of Muni without Muni's intenseness. Maybe what I mean is that Ford is a natural-born actor if there is such a thing. You are more aware of Ford as a personality rather than as an actor, which, come to think of it is true acting. I certainly don't mean to say that Ford is always Ford. Far from it. I met Glenn shortly after seeing him play the rôle of a strong, bitey, rather violent New York kid who was hell-bent on being happy. I got a feeling of great strength

and restlessness. When I met him for the first time, I was surprised to find him soft-spoken, a little reserved, somewhat shy and quite calm, but sensitive.

Before the camera his reserve, shyness, and quiet disposition vanish, although if you look hard you can find, I think, that priceless quality in an actor of not being too sure of yourself. He always knows his lines; he has whispered them to himself over and over the night before. He wears no make-up whatsoever. He rarely gets flustered when he's under the gun. And he almost never argues with directors.

He has two amusing fetishes the existence of which I have just discovered. He wears a particular weather-beaten necktie in every one of his pictures. (In "Texas" there was no opportunity to wear a modern necktie so he carried it around in his pocket. In "Martin Eden" he wears it all through the picture, although it is pretty frayed around the edges.) And he manages to carve, without detection, apparently, the initials O.P.C. on at least one set in every picture he does. (In "Texas" it was on a covered wagon. In "Martin Eden" you will see the monogram right over his bunk.)

I haven't discovered what this O.P.C. business is all about. Nor what Glenn Ford is all about, for that matter. But I'm having a good time trying.

Cabin Looks at the Girls!

Continued from page 51

personalities, these American women," he went on gaily. "Personality is an elusive something, difficult to capture with words, but to me it is the individuality of a woman, the very way she moves, and speaks, and holds her head; the way she makes up and dresses; her smile, the expression of her eyes, and her mouth—*everything*, in fact, that makes her different from anyone else."

Gabin is not the sleek matinee type, not at all. He's lusty and rugged, a real he-man, strictly a son of the soil. Despite his charming chivalry, you feel he could easily go primitive. Yet, in his middle thirties, he's still unbelievably shy, inclined to be serious, with brooding moods. His unruly hair, once ash blond, is now streaked with gray, the memento of experiences during the fall of his beloved France.

In September, 1939, he was busy making a picture in a Paris studio when the war started with Germany, and he immediately rejoined his former regiment of marines, stationed aboard a minesweeper operating from Cherbourg. For many months he was on steady duty, then during a brief leave of absence on his estate at Dreux, some seventy miles west of Paris, the Germans broke through and he barely escaped with his life. Friends in Marseilles put him up as he was without money or luggage, all his possessions having been confiscated; and later, he went to Toulon, where he was formally demobilized. He was without a country; his France war-torn and shattered.

For years Hollywood had been seeking Jean Gabin and now, in his emergency, came another offer which he gladly accepted, and eventually he landed in New York. He still bears the imprint of his experiences but he doesn't like to talk about them, and quickly brushes them aside. He wants to live in the present.

With a grin, he confessed his regrets at not having studied English, for his vocabulary consisted of exactly four words—choice ones, at that, when he arrived at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, where he is under contract. At once, he was given

the best instructors and started an intensive study of English. Today, he has finished making his first American picture, "Moontide," a down-to-earth drama which gives him full play for his talents. This preparation cost the studio something like \$85,000, but it was well worth it, for in a little more than six months Gabin has made amazing progress, speaking with scarcely no accent, and easily understood.

"Thinking in another language is very difficult," he confided. "Yet you must understand what you are saying in order to give sincerity. An actor doesn't think about himself when acting, he's devoting his entire energy to *feeling*, feeling as the character he is portraying would feel, so as to bring him vividly to life before the audience."

"I am strictly a man of the people. I know hardship, financial insecurity, and the sensitive viewpoint of those who have never had what they want. My understanding grew out of my own sufferings."

Again, I turned the conversation for I wanted to learn more about how a Frenchman looks at women. He responded instantly, saying, "In any language, to be attractive a girl must be feminine. This means she must always be conscious that she is a woman. If only they could know what a tremendous power they wield over men by simply keeping this one fact uppermost in their minds, there would be more happiness in the world. When once they do realize their feminine power, every woman becomes alluring."

"Such a woman is always brave, but never cruel. Her very femininity is built on sympathy, understanding, and kindness. I can't abide the girl who screams with glee at a boxing match or a prize fight, or who goes into raptures at the bull ring. To me she is without heart, and a heartless woman is never feminine."

"Personally, I'm drawn to a girl who is fundamentally serious but who has her lighter moments, rather than to one who is forever gay. Gaiety is more appealing when it comes from one not essentially frivolous."

"Hollywood is paradise!" he exclaimed happily. "Each moment is adventure, with everybody so ambitious and working so hard. I could be happy here—if only world conditions were different!"

He was silent for a moment. I wondered if he was walking through the dusk on the Champs Elysees when the chestnut trees were white with bloom, or, perhaps, watching the twilight silhouettes of the aperitif sippers at shadowy sidewalk tables!

Presently, he went on. "Yes, American women are beautiful, almost too beautiful—I'm afraid of them. They're well-groomed and smartly dressed, too. French women have the instinct for simplicity, and while many Americans understand this, as a group they are apt to go a bit frilly. For example: If a French woman has ten gowns, you can wager that eight of them will be black. She knows no color can compare with black for *chic* attire.

"Over here, there is a camaraderie that is delightful. In France, the whole social set-up is different. There is not the freedom between the sexes, so when men and women meet it is romance, not friendship they seek." Then slyly he added, "American women talk a great game of love. French women don't *talk* about it!"

Gabin is single, so I asked, "What about romance, marriage?"

"Ah, I'm waiting for my Lady Eve," he replied. "I've not met her yet. But marry?" With an expressive shrug he added, "I'm afraid I would make a very bad husband, for I would hate to give up my freedom even for a beautiful woman."

He made it sound convincing but I wouldn't put up any bets, for he has an eagle eye for feminine charms. Since arriving in Hollywood, he has been much with Marlene Dietrich, whom he knew in Paris. He has also been a frequent escort of Ginger Rogers. He insists it is all mere-

ly friendship. Then, a moment later, he told me he didn't believe platonic friendship could exist between a man and woman because it defied all human laws. "At least," he smiled, "not until they are ninety!"

Gabin is easy-going, tolerant, surfeited with attentions, so he sits back and waits for the lovely dears to make the advances. And Marlene, a true Continental herself, understands him. She has helped him with his English and has done much toward banishing his accent.

Now that he has mastered English and can readily talk to the girls he meets, is Dietrich fearful lest he wander? Anyway, she spent the first four days of the filming of "Moontide" on the set, quietly sizing up all feminine contenders. The fifth day, Gabin and his co-star, Ida Lupino, lunched together in the famous studio Café de Paris, chatting like magpies, and gaily greeting other stars, directors, and producers who stopped at their table.

Gabin is serious about his work. The glamor of fame and money mean little to him; what really counts is the sheer joy of that living, driving fire that yearns for an outlet in acting. The elder Gabin was a great comedian and he hoped his son would follow him, but one fling in comedy convinced Jean that it was the intense passions he must portray.

He explained, "Of course, in real pathos there is always the hint of comedy, and in comedy there is an element of sadness—they intermingle, just as they do in life. I think of little else when I'm making a picture for I must become—what do you say?—*imbued*, with the feelings of my character. This requires study and much time. I am not suited to play every kind of rôle, so I insist on doing only those that appeal to me and in which I can find complete sympathy."



The Hollywood Victory Committee pledged expansion of its entertainment program for Army camps and Navy stations at a meeting attended by James Cagney, Lieut. Commander A. J. Bolton, Lieut. Commander Walter Winchell, Claudette Colbert, and Col. E. A. Evans.

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"Highly Irregular"

Continued from page 33

who had already loaned him his clothes. He felt bewildered until he saw Jan flicker an eyelid in a complacent wink and realized the butler had managed to warn the family.

"Darling," Chris whispered in a low, rapturous voice, making a quick step toward the girl. He put his arms around her and kissed her and knew he was playing in luck. "I'd forgotten how lovely you are!"

"Please," the girl gasped, pushing him away.

"No, don't," Chris whispered, avoiding Jan's vigorous warning look which told him he was doing the wrong thing. "I need you so. I want you so. Every night at the sanitarium was a year, a year of torture without my angel."

"Poor, poor Hendrick," Mrs. Woverman sighed, but somehow she managed to inject more warning than pity into that sight. "Anita is divorcing you tomorrow."

"What, so soon?" Chris asked involuntarily.

"You must excuse how he acts," Mrs. Woverman turned to Major Zellfritz and then with a glance at Chris's ill-fitting clothes, "and how he looks. The sanitarium, you know."

"Yes, of course," Zellfritz gave him a measured glance. "My dear fellow, you must take all this with fortitude. After all, a woman is a woman and..." He broke off abruptly as he smiled at Anita. Chris didn't like that smile at all. It showed he and the Major were enemies in more ways than one.

"Not my Anita," Chris said staunchly, taking advantage of the situation to seize her hand and press his lips hungrily against it. "Darling, look into your heart. Surely I must still have a place there. For the sake of all we've been to each other, for all those unforgettable moments, let us try again."

"No," Anita said firmly but she sounded a little breathless and her voice didn't match her eyes at all. They were just a little too eager.

"A moment ago you loathed him," Zellfritz said coldly.

"She still loathes me," Chris put in quickly. "I've been a beast. But at least we can talk it over."

Zellfritz gave him another zero glance and turned to Anita. "Reconciliations are often very unsatisfactory. Don't be hasty, my dear." He clicked his heels and bowed to the others. "I shall see you all later."

Everyone breathed easier as the door closed behind him and Chris turned gratefully to the girl. "You were magnificent," he whispered. "Thanks, thanks to all of you. Now I'll have to be pushing along."

"But you can't go now," Mrs. Woverman said quickly. "Everybody in town is searching for you. That's why the Major came up here to Hendrick's room. He insisted on searching the entire house. And we'd have to make explanations. It would put us in a dangerous position."

"But I've got a job to do," Chris insisted. "I must get in touch with..."

"Of course, I understand," Mrs. Woverman said helplessly. "And I mustn't keep you from your duty."

"Our aiding you, sir," Jan said quietly, "has put us all in serious danger. Can't you stay until morning? It would be safer for you too, sir. The searching parties will have gone."

Chris hesitated. He looked at Anita and knew he couldn't go. "Very well," he said. "Until morning."

"Then that's settled," Mrs. Woverman

breathed a sigh of relief. Then she tensed. "But there's one important thing we are overlooking. Hendrick! He may really arrive any moment. What shall we do about him?"

"You'll have to stick him in a closet," Chris said. He grinned ruefully as he looked down on his oversized suit. "A large closet," he amended.

Chris met the rest of the family before dinner: Thomas, the elder of the Woverman sons, a pompous little popinjay of a man, and his blonde wife, Maria, neither of whom seemed in accord with Anita's intention of divorcing Hendrick. And afterwards when they were having coffee in the living room, Chris felt a little uncomfortable under Thomas's polite scrutiny as he devoted himself to Anita. But that was nothing to what he felt when Zellfritz turned and stared at him with hostile eyes.

"You two." His glance included Anita now, too. "I watched you very closely at dinner. You hardly touched your food. You seemed worried about something. Your divorce, maybe?"

"You're exceptionally observant, Major," Chris said dryly.

"Naturally." The officer smiled complacently. "It's my training. I rank very high in the Division of Propaganda. Do you know that in the first three weeks of the campaign I scattered three million leaflets over England?"

"Three million leaflets!" Chris pretended awed innocence. "Did they do any damage, Major?"

"Irreparable damage," Zellfritz said smugly. "They informed the misled people of the true situation."

"Ah, but you can never tell about the English," Chris risked a wary wink at Anita. "It would be just like them not to believe a blamed word of it."

"Then I pity them." The German shrugged. "They are lost to the New World Order."

Mrs. Woverman seemed to shrink at his words, even though she managed to keep her polite smile steady on her lips. "Don't you think we should be going to bed?" she asked. "We'll have to get up early tomorrow morning."

"Yes," Thomas said sententiously. "The divorce case is the first on the docket. I warn you, Anita, I shall fight it every inch of the way."

"I'll be free tomorrow morning," the Major said. "I shall be there to lend you both my moral support."

"But Major," Anita said in sudden panic, "you mustn't put yourself out."



Here, above, is result of the first formal portrait sitting posed for by Dorothy Morris, one of the promising M-G-M starlets. Not bad, eh?

CAST

"HIGHLY IRREGULAR"

(Columbia Pictures Corporation)

B. P. Schulberg, Producer. Richard Wallace, Director.

Chris.....Franchot Tone
Anita.....Joan Bennett
Zellfritz.....Allyn Joslyn
Mrs. Woverman.....Georgia Caine
Thomas.....Lloyd Corrigan
Maria.....Barbara Brown
Jan.....Erskine Sanford

"Nonsense." The officer smiled. "I shall enjoy it."

"There . . . there might not be any divorce." Chris was groping for words, any words at all that would keep the officer out of court the next morning when the real Hendrick would have to be there. "My wife and I are going to talk it over tonight. Aren't we, darling?"

"Why, yes." Anita smiled, grasping at any straw at all.

"We will still go to court in the morning," Zellfritz said grimly. "Come, don't take it so seriously. You all look as if you were going to a court martial." He stiffened as the doorbell rang, springing to his feet and hurrying so that he could reach it before Jan.

"Hendrick!" Mrs. Woverman gasped in a frightened whisper. "What if it is Hendrick?"

"I'll take care of that," Chris said, taking his place behind the door, his fists clenched and ready. Then he relaxed when he saw the Major come back with a telegram which he gave to Thomas.

"Aunt Sofie won't come in from the country for several days, Mother," Thomas said, crossing over to Chris and giving him the message. "She isn't feeling very well."

Chris glanced down at the telegram signed by the doctor of the sanitarium, saying that Hendrick would not be home for several days as he had suffered a relapse. Then he crumpled it into his pocket as if it had been the most casual message in the world, although he felt as relieved as the rest of them looked.

"Isn't that wonderful!" Mrs. Woverman forgot her caution in her relief. Then she went on more carefully, "What I mean is," she said with an apologetic little laugh, "in a few days Hendrick will be back in the sanitarium and there will be room for Aunt Sofie. And now if you will excuse me I really must be getting along to bed. Don't worry too much about tomorrow, Hendrick. We'll all be there to see you through."

Chris knew what she meant. He was getting as used to necessary codes as the rest of them who had learned to speak in riddles since their freedom had been snatched from them by the Nazis. He'd have to show up for the mock divorce to save the rest of them from Zellfritz's suspicion. But first he must get to the Savoy Café and try to make contact with the British agent he had come to Holland to meet. Every moment lost was dangerous and it would be suicide to attempt it that night with searching parties combing the city.

But even though he got up at dawn the next morning he realized that Zellfritz had been up before him when he saw the two Gestapo men fall into line behind him. He tried to elude them but it was hopeless,

and he arrived at the courthouse to know the morning a total loss.

"Have a nice walk, Hendrick?" Zellfritz asked.

"Yes, Major," Chris grinned. "Thanks for your escorts."

"Not at all." Zellfritz's cold blue eyes seemed to stare right through him. "I was afraid you might get lonesome."

"Hendrick!" Mrs. Woverman faltered a little seeing that stare. "Did . . . did you make any stops? See anybody?"

"Oh, yes, I made several stops," Chris said easily. "Once for a shave, once for a cup of coffee and once for a cigar." He stopped as a clerk called the court to order and listened intently as the Judge gravely looked at him and Anita and inquired if they were certain they wanted to go through with the divorce. "Your Honor," Chris said then, going up to the bench, "I'd like nothing better than to drop the whole matter and take my wife home with me."

"No!" Anita put in quickly. "My mind is made up. My husband is impossible. He's done everything possible to hurt and humiliate me. He's cruel, tyrannical, fiendish." She stopped for breath and tried to glare at Chris but only succeeded in looking so absurdly young and wistful and tender that the Judge shook his head in bewilderment. It was the strangest divorce case he had ever heard.

Chris thought so, too. Again the feeling of nightmare swept over him as he listened to Anita's charges, her eyes, now that she had pulled herself together again, punctuating her testimony with those hurt indignant glances at Chris. It made Chris feel he was really Hendrick, that it was he who had been a Dutch official in Sumatra and had married the French officer's daughter Anita, that it was he who had become drunk on his wedding day and had never drawn a sober breath until the day he had been sent to the sanitarium as a hopeless alcoholic and that he had even beaten her.

"I wouldn't hurt a hair of her lovely head!" Chris protested indignantly, while Thomas who was defending him beamed approvingly. "Your Honor, they are trying to make me out a beast, a dipsomaniac, a . . ."

Anita flushed at that. "What else would you call a man who buys two bushels of peanuts for his pink elephants?" she demanded tartly.

"Your Honor," Thomas said pompously. "Does this young man look like a confirmed alcoholic?"

Chris seized the cue as the judge looked at him dubiously. "All I've got to say is that I forgive her." He sighed and managed to look the complete picture of outraged innocence. "Your Honor, look at me. Look at my clothes, at the shirt I wear. Nothing fits me. I've lost all this weight worrying about her. But," he looked at her magnanimously, "I still forgive her."

The Judge had to wipe a tear from his kind, sentimental eyes and Anita's flashed when he suggested that she and Chris retire to his private chambers to talk over a possible reconciliation.

"A fine mess you made of things!" she said indignantly, as the door closed leaving her alone with Chris.

"I'm sorry." Chris couldn't hold back his exuberance over being alone with her like this. "I guess I just lost myself in the part. I couldn't sit there and have you call me a wife beater."

"Why not?" she asked. "Do you think I'd lie about my life with Hendrick?"

"But you were looking straight at me when you said it," Chris pointed out. Then, persuasively, "You are lovely!"

"Oh, talk sense!" Anita begged. "And please don't hinder my divorce. I've got to have it."

"But I'm not Hendrick," Chris said.

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"You cannot get a divorce by proxy." "Thomas promised me that Hendrick would stand by the court's decision," Anita explained. "He said he would see to it that Hendrick himself would sign the final papers so that it would be legal. Don't you understand now?"

"You win." Chris nodded emphatically. "Consider yourself a free woman. But first I've got to get out of here. There's somebody I must contact at the Savoy Café. I tried to see him this morning but I couldn't lose those two Gestapo men. I'll only be gone for a short time, but if the Judge should call us, cover up for me, will you?"

"Wait until after the trial. Please," she whispered.

"Look." For the first time Chris looked like the grim young man who had been entrusted with a dangerous mission. "I've been kidding around and clowning because I didn't want to upset your family any more than necessary, but I'm really on a spot. With good luck you'll be divorced from your Hendrick but with bad luck I'll be divorced from my head."

"I wasn't thinking." Her voice came soft with contrition. "I was being selfish. Go and take care of yourself. Good luck!" And she was so breathtaking, so lovely with her eyes looking like violets in the rain that he couldn't help himself. He had to take her in his arms and kiss her before he made the dash to the window and climbed down to the street below.

He was back in less than an hour. But that hour had seemed endless. Everything had gone almost too perfectly in the beginning. He had managed to identify himself to his contact, Gustav, the big sleepy-eyed waiter no one would have suspected of being a British agent and had received the sandwich with the code hidden between it, when a German officer had suddenly appeared from the next booth and demanded to see it. There had been a fight with four Gestapo men, a fight in which Gustav did not dare to join, with the officer watching him so suspiciously, but Chris had managed to break away, though his clothes were hanging in shreds on his lean body. And now as he came into the courtroom he saw the trial was in session again.

"There he is, Your Honor!" Anita said indignantly when she saw him, though her eyes looked frightened, questioning, as she realized something had gone wrong. "He's drunk again!" She turned furiously to Chris. "You said you would take only one drink. You meant a dozen!"

"I appeal to you." Chris took a staggering step towards the bench, his voice coming thick and unsteady. "Do I look like I'm drunk? Your Honor, I love her!" He almost fell as he drew himself up with exaggerated dignity and pointed at Maria. "I'll never let my wife go out of my life."

"But I'm not your wife," Maria giggled coyly.

"You see!" Chris laughed triumphantly. "She doesn't even recognize me. She's even dyed her hair to deceive me. Look at me." He hiccupped violently. "I'm as sober as a judge!" His eyes rolled as he stared at the startled courtroom and for a moment he still stood there swaying as he saw the four Gestapo men come in the door. Then he lurched toward Anita, holding her in a desperate embrace. "Oh, my darling, my sweet angel," he begged. "Don't divorce me." Still holding her he managed to take the sandwich out of his pocket and give it to her, to whisper urgently. "This is what they are after. Hold it for me."

He turned with shocked surprise as the soldiers came up to him, as one of them took him by the arm and turned him sharply around while the Judge looked on indignantly.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Your Honor, this man started a riot

in the Savoy Café," the leader said curtly.

"Sure I did," Chris broke in. "They wouldn't let me eat my sandwich. They were trying to take it away from me." He glared at the men who had begun to search him. "Food hoarders!" he said scathingly, and glanced quickly at the handbag Anita was holding on to so tightly and breathed a little easier as he realized she had managed to conceal the evidence which would have been his death warrant.

"There is no sandwich," the man who had been searching him reported. He turned to Zellfritz who had been watching, his cold eyes wary and suspicious. "But we have orders to take him into custody. He's dangerous. He started a fight. He assaulted Captain Shmutnik."

"Leave him to me," Zellfritz ordered. "I'll take care of him." He turned to the Judge and fixed his icy blue eyes on him. "Do you still deny Mrs. Woverman her divorce?" he demanded.

The Judge, fixing a baleful eye on the grinning Chris, banged his fist down on the bench. "Divorce granted!" he shouted.

It was less than a half hour afterwards that Chris went back to the Woverman home, only to find that Anita had gone and no one knew where she was. But it wasn't only losing Anita, hard as that was. He had to find her to get back that code. Then when things looked most hopeless Jan motioned him to the telephone and there was her voice again telling him that she had gotten a position as housekeeper in the Wilhelmina Home for Gentlewomen and that if he'd come there right away she would give him back the little souvenir he had entrusted to her.

That was how Chris met the Countess Oldenburg, with her hatchet face and tart tongue and her heart that was nothing less than pure gold. That was how he met the other inhabitants of the home, too; Mrs. Brant and Miss Updike and the twin sisters who, even though they were over seventy, were so curiously childlike and naïve, and all the other old ladies giggling as they crowded around him standing there with Anita, their faces shining in this vicarious meeting with romance, even a romance that had burnt itself out such as this one had.

"It must be dreadful to be divorced!" Mrs. Brant whispered.

"It wasn't very pleasant," Anita said, her eyes glowing as she looked at Chris.

"Indeed?" The Countess smiled skeptically. "Then why do you look as if birds were twittering in the trees?"

"Maybe it's because it's all over at last." Anita did her best to look disillusioned and out of love, but she didn't succeed very well.

"Humph!" The Countess shrugged. "You don't look as if something were over. You look as if something had just begun! Now you two, run along and I'll keep everybody from disturbing you." She glared threateningly at the others whose faces fell as they realized their thrill was going to be taken from them. "You'll have to excuse them. We never have a man in the house!"

But not even the Countess, formidable as she was, could keep Zellfritz from intruding. With a sinking heart Chris realized their telephone conversation must have been overheard when the Major presented himself at Anita's little sitting room, his heels clicking as he bowed to her in that exaggerated way of his. Then his eyebrows lifted as he turned to Chris.

"Just what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Why," Chris grinned, "I just got lonesome for my beautiful wife."

"Nonsense! You forget she is no longer your wife." Zellfritz frowned. "Now, look here, Woverman, I'm completely out of patience with you."

"Really!" Chris looked at him mockingly.

"And how do you think I feel about you, Major, hanging around my wife like a boa-constrictor and our divorce hardly cold yet?"

"You can't expect her to retire to a convent just because she's divorced," Zellfritz said coldly. "As a matter of fact, you should rejoice that I take such an interest in her. She'll have the protection of my rank."

"With her looks," Chris said, "she can get herself better protection. A colonel, at the very least."

"I'm really more than a major!" Zellfritz reddened with annoyance. "I have very high connections. My uncle is commander of this district and Robert Niedermeyer, the Marine Engineer, is my cousin."

Niedermeyer! The name registered like an electric shock, but Chris kept his excitement under control.

"Now I'm really impressed," he said. "I'm beginning to see your point. Yes, you may be quite right."

"Right about what?" Anita demanded furiously.

"About your going out with him," Chris smiled. "Dining, dancing, fun. Darling, why should you deny yourself any pleasures the Major can give you? Of course, it will be excruciating to think of the two of you together but I must bear my grief like a man, wandering the streets, heartbroken. But I'll endure it somehow. Take her out, Major. Let her be gay!"

"Of course." The Major slapped Chris heartily on the back. "I'll take her to the opera. There's a special performance of Wagner tonight, exclusively for German officers. Excuse me a moment." Again that exaggerated bow as he turned to Anita. "I'll phone right now for tickets."

Anita turned to Chris as the door closed behind the Major. "What's your idea of shoving me off on that swine?" she demanded.

"A sheer stroke of luck, Anita," Chris whispered excitedly. "Niedermeyer is a submarine expert. He ties up with some information I've got. Don't you see?"

"Yes!" Anita looked at him coldly. "You want me to play Mata Hari."

"Get him drinking," Chris went on jubilantly. "Talk to him, lead the conversation to the right point and one day Holland will erect a statue to you."

"Why not?" Anita lifted her head defiantly. "As I recall, Mata Hari had herself quite a time!" Then at Chris's pleading look she broke. "Did you mean what you said about wandering the streets heartbroken?" she asked wistfully.

"I meant every word of it," Chris said softly, and there was just time to kiss her before the jubilant Major came back into the room again.

The hours dragged endlessly waiting for her to come back and it wasn't only fear for her safety, it was jealousy as well that kept Chris staring at the painted clock in the big sitting room downstairs where the Countess had allowed him to wait. Then at last there was the sound of a key turning in the lock and Anita came in looking so lovely that Chris forgot his fears and only the jealousy remained.

"A fine time to be getting home!" he said. Then, "Did you find out anything?"

"No," Anita whispered. "Niedermeyer was with us."

"Niedermeyer!" Chris forgot his jealousy in his excitement. "What did he say? Tell me!"

"Nothing." Anita shrugged. "He just kept looking at me as if I were an extra ration card. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. He did say his job would be finished in three days. And then he got a long distance call from Yselmunde and left."

"Yselmunde!" Chris repeated softly. "Why, that's wonderful. We knew he was

superintending the assembling of submarine parts. Now we know where, and that they'll be ready in three days. There isn't much time. I've got to get the news to Gustav so he can relay it to the right man. Goodbye, darling. I'll never divorce you again!"

There was that moment, so short, but all the more sweet because it was over so soon. And there were his arms holding her, his lips finding hers again. Then she stirred in his arms and her smile lifted. "What's your name, soldier?" she whispered.

"This is no time for a formal introduction," Chris whispered.

He had been riding in luck, but suddenly it left him. As he reached the Savoy Café he saw the Gestapo leading Gustav out under arrest. His information meant nothing now, with no way of getting it to England.

For the first time he felt as if all hope was gone as he went back to Anita and told her what had happened. Then as she listened she suddenly began to laugh.

"You wouldn't wait to hear everything about last night," she whispered. "Zellfritz and I went to the airport to deliver a sack of leaflets to a plane. He sends them out every night!"

"Every night!" Chris almost shouted in his relief. "Then we could..."

"Of course we could!" Anita agreed complacently.

They could get the message to England! But there was little time and they needed help, a great deal of help. That was why they had to confide in the Countess and the other old ladies and how they gave all of them a sense of being needed again, now that they were to do their bit for the Allies and Freedom. They all had their parts to play: Anita, the hardest one of all because she had to invite Zellfritz to her room for a private dinner for two and keep him amused while Chris got the bag of leaflets out of the Major's car and helped the old ladies write the warning message on them, that would, if all went well, be delivered by the enemy that night when they scattered the leaflets over England. Even the pretty little maid was doing her bit by keeping the chauffeur occupied in the kitchen. And at last the gigantic task was finished and Zellfritz was gone to deliver his sack to the airport and Anita and Chris could only sit there smiling their relief.

It was then the knock came on the door and the Gestapo stood there with orders for the arrest of Hendrick Woverman, for the real Hendrick had escaped from the sanitarium and had committed an outrage far more serious than sabotage or arson or murder. He had painted the teeth of the Mikado on a picture of Hitler!

But he was to be given justice, the leader explained, justice and a real trial. Only it didn't take Zellfritz's cold smile when he faced him in court the next evening to make Chris know what a farce that trial would be. He had heard of Nazi justice before.

It took less than ten minutes, that trial, with the verdict death, even though Anita and all the loyal old women had crowded into the courtroom, swearing that Chris had been with them at the time the outrage was perpetrated. He was to be shot immediately.

The Countess took command then. "Go up there and ask to remarry him before his execution!" she whispered to Anita. Then she turned to the mournful, childlike old twins sitting beside her, their faces puckered up like crying babies as they wept. "Quick! Get up the stairs leading to the roof and open the trap door. The master siren that controls all the others is up there. Set it off!"

She took her place behind Anita as the Army chaplain solemnly entered the room. But before he reached them Zellfritz pushed his way to Chris.

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Above, Lynn Bari and Cornel Wilde, as they appear in "The Perfect Snob." Darryl Zanuck was so pleased with Wilde's work in this film, he presented him with a new contract.

"Sorry, my friend," he said with exaggerated sympathy. "Last night we both had bad luck!"

"Yours wasn't fatal," Chris said dryly.

"No." The Major shrugged. "But my propaganda plane was shot down in the Channel. All my beautiful pamphlets were lost."

Lost! Chris managed to keep back the exclamation as he took Anita's hand and faced the Chaplain. So everything had been for nothing then, after all. He had failed in everything.

Suddenly he tensed as the shrill warning of the air raid signal filled the room, as it was echoed from the other signals outside, blaring through the city, sending crowds fighting their way through the streets, making the old ladies scream with terror as they obeyed the Countess's orders and flung themselves terrified against the soldiers trying to calm them. And in the confusion Chris heard the Countess's urgent whisper and taking Anita's hand followed her through the room, down the stairs into the street, taking the rusty old gun she drew out of her pocketbook and bringing it down with a crash on the head of the guard who tried to stop them.

Anti-aircraft guns began booming, adding to the terror of the night, and the street was deserted as the three of them made that last desperate dash to Zellfritz's car and started for the airfield.

They saw the waiting plane when they stopped and Chris, taking the bag of leaflets, held it up on his shoulder so that his face was hidden as he made the lunge for the

plane where the pilot stood waiting. Again he was thankful for the rusty old gun that had not been fired in over a century as he brought it down with a crash on the pilot's skull. There was just time for Anita and the Countess to make the dash for the plane when they heard shouts and saw the guards running toward them. But Chris was calm now. He was in a plane again, the stick was in his hand and already it was lifting, lifting to the skies and freedom.

It was almost morning when they looked down and saw the white cliffs lying below them, the brave cliffs that were Dover. And then as Chris whispered the one word, England, they saw the Spitfire approach them and Chris reached toward the plane's radio.

"I'd better speak to them," he whispered. Then aloud, "Hello, hello, I'm not an enemy. I've just escaped."

"Are you Goering," a mocking voice came from the radio. "Or Goebbels?" Then as Chris shouted a denial, "Shoot him down. He's nobody!"

"I'm English," Chris explained desperately as shots whizzed past him in the darkness. "RAF pilot downed in Holland!" But only the mocking laughter answered. "Listen," Chris said desperately. "You fellows are from the Coastal Command. Your Squadron Commander is Major Carlyle Wilson, 'Lucky' Wilson. I can tell you more about him. His pet phrase is 'highly irregular!' He always says it."

The laughter stopped and there was a whispered consultation in the other plane, and then a wary voice saying, "Let him land. But stay right with him."

"Well!" The Countess smiled, settling more comfortably into her seat. "That's real nice, isn't it? Even Hess didn't get a military escort."

But it was more than an escort. The Squadron Commander himself was waiting as Chris taxied his plane to a stop and jumped out.

"We've located a new submarine base at Yselmunde!" he shouted. "They're assembling a fleet. It will have to be bombed at once."

And then as a pilot went dashing for headquarters to report the news, Chris helped Anita and the Countess to alight from the plane.

"Major Wilson, this is my wife," he said. "I met her the night before our divorce." And then seeing the Commander's amazed look, he went on quickly. "I mean, we weren't married before the divorce but we are now!"

The Commander shook his head in bewilderment and Chris grinned as he swung Anita into his arms, kissing her there before all of them. Then he caught a glance at the Commander's shocked face and heard his bewildered voice.

"Highly irregular!" he was saying. "Highly irregular!"

Instead, Douglas related, "The kid said, 'you don't have to tell me, Doc. I could see in the mirror across the room that you had taken them away from me. But you can fix me up, can't you, Doc?'"

"The doctor listened and could not speak. This was worse than what he expected, for here was the boy saying, 'I've gotta get back in there and fight.'"

Once Lieut. Fairbanks started remembering, the lines around his mouth began to deepen. "Then, there was another boy," he added, as he rubbed his hand across his cheek as if the sting of memory were still burning. . . . "that kid was about to die. I sat by his bed all night, talking to him. I told him what a swell welcome he would get from the folks back home when he returned. He died, believing me."

These blue jackets who left a leg behind in Iceland or died in that northern base were victims of the shelling of the Kearney. When the commander of the Kearney visited the hospital to tell the boys goodbye, Douglas told me that the boys and some of the older sea dogs actually wept.

In Iceland Lieut. Fairbanks met and mingled with the British officers and observed the good fellowship between the Yanks and the British tars. Fairbanks, who has spent a good deal of his life in England and who has known Prime Minister Churchill since he was a little boy, didn't have to be sold on the British. He has been with them all the way for a good long time now.

He saw things that convinced him that every American blue jacket in Iceland would think the rest of his life that the British are "square guys." He pointed out that the English lads in pea jackets thought the Americans were O.K. As an illustration, Douglas told me, "The British lads were so grateful for all the courtesies and attention paid them when they visited the United States, they wanted to show in some small way at least how deeply they appreciated it."

"So they invited the American sailors from a certain nearby ship to a party. Now you know, the American Navy is bone dry on shipboard. Not a drop to drink, you know. The British sailors get a daily ration of rum—just a jiggerful."

"Well, this is what they did. They got together and decided not to touch their rations for three weeks. This amount piled up to barroom proportions and what a party they threw. By the time it was over I wouldn't be surprised if our boys didn't mistake that Icelandic moon for the Carolina moon."

While in Iceland, Douglas discovered there was a movie-struck group of blonde young girls in the population, but they were a little shy about asking for his autograph, since they had no practice, as have our home vintage.

On shipboard the officers and men steered away from the subject of films and Hollywood, as much as possible. "It was a month before the word moving pictures was mentioned," Douglas relates.

Lieut. Fairbanks is only interested in the war and Navy career now, but recognizes that such a short term with the fleet and Navy Department cannot make the public and his fans forget that his chief claim to fame is the films. But he is doing absolutely nothing to make them remember, as he thinks it is, to say the least, unbecoming. For this reason, he hesitates to appear in public places as if he were showing off his uniform.

When not busy at the Navy Department, where Lieut. Robert Montgomery is also working, Douglas lives quietly in a sub-rented house in crowded Washington with his wife, baby daughter and a Flight Commander and a group captain of the Royal Air Force.

War Time Experiences of Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Continued from page 27

me that with the coming of the war, he felt that fighting here was the moment to be remembered in the lives of men who ordinarily would have been clerks, film stars, farm boys, electricians, captains and kings, and soda jerkers. For them and for him, there were some words for this instant. They could say with Winston Churchill, "Let them say in a 1,000 years this has been their finest hour."

The finest hour also leads to death and suffering. Douglas knows, but he won't talk about it at the drop of a hat. But when his ship was docked in Iceland, he saw men in the base hospital who were dying or worse

still, waking up to the grim reality that they will never be able to walk again or pitch a baseball back on the home diamond.

"Whatever it was," the serious film star told me, "the men took it so well. Those kids would look up at you with sweat pouring off their brows, and then grin."

He told of one boy, just 17, whose legs had been amputated, but the doctors and nurses could not bring themselves to break the news. Finally the doctor told him, expecting to hear the great despairing shriek of the man who has lost hope or either the deathly dull silence of the man who has lost all will to live.

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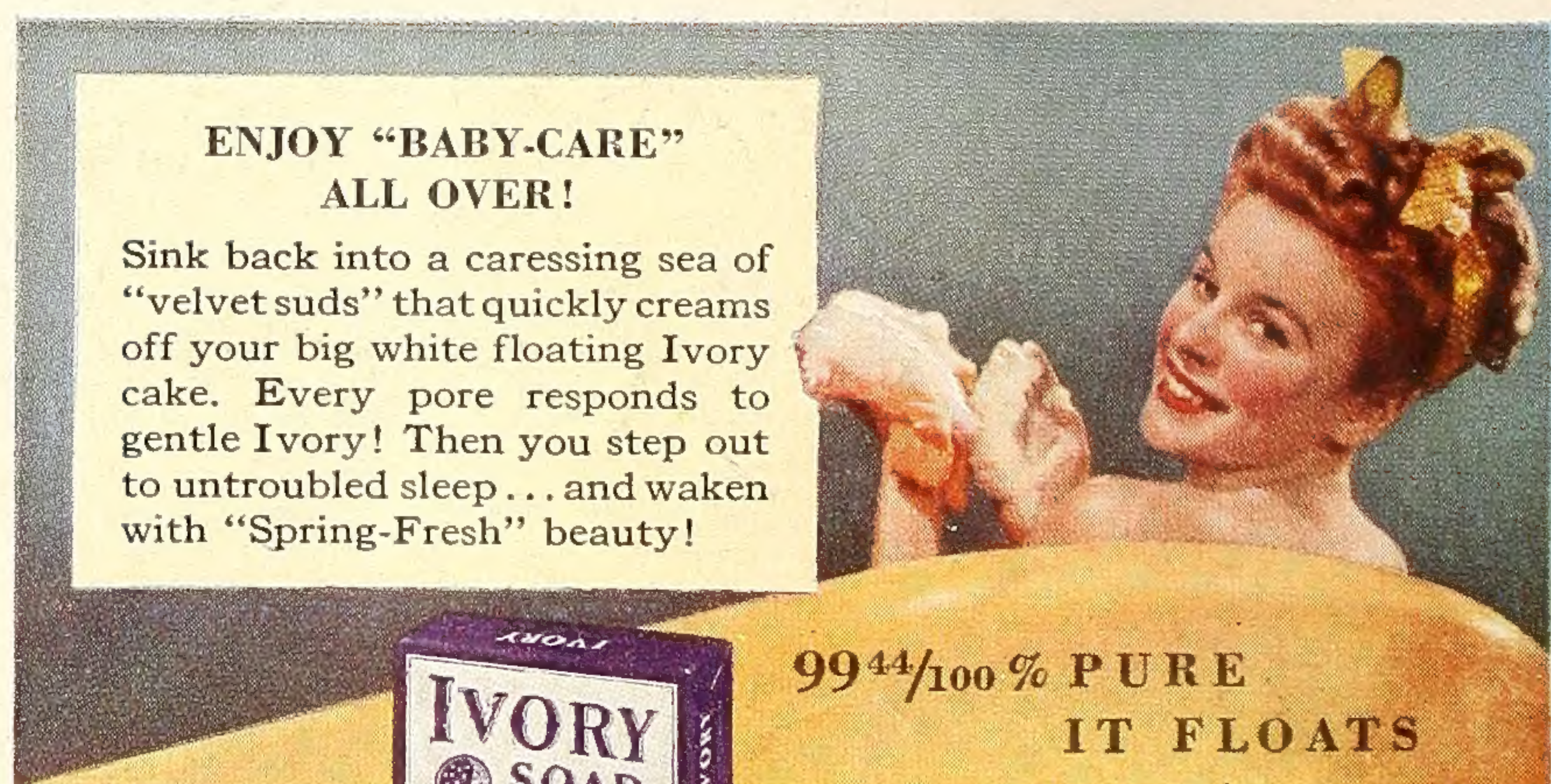
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